

# SPIRIT

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### BULL FIGHTS.

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Dear Madam,

Seville, —.

**A**N unexpected event has, since my last, thrown the inhabitants of this town into raptures of joy. The bull-fights which, by a royal order had been discontinued for several years, were lately granted to the wishes of the people. The news of the most decisive victory could not have more elated the spirits of the Andalusians, or roused them into greater activity. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations. In the course of a few weeks all was ready for the exhibition, while every heart beat high with joyful expectation of the appointed day which was to usher in the favourite amusement.

You should be told, however, that Seville is acknowledged, on all hands, to have carried these fights to perfection. To her school of *bullmanship* that art owes all its refinements. Bull-fighting is considered by many of our young men of fashion a high and becoming accomplishment; and mimicking the scenes of the amphitheatre forms the chief amusement among boys of all ranks in Andalusia. The boy who personates the most important character of the drama—the bull—is furnished with a large piece of board, armed in front with the natural weapons of the animal, and having handles fastened to the lower surface. By the last the boy keeps the machine steady on the top of the head, and with the

former he unmercifully pushes such of his antagonists as are not dexterous enough to evade, or sufficiently swift to escape him. The fighters have small darts, pointed with pins, which they endeavour to fix on a piece of cork stuck flat on the horned board, till at length the bull falls, according to rule, at the touch of a wooden sword.

Our young country-gentlemen have a substitute for the regular bull-fights, much more approaching to reality. About the beginning of summer, the great breeders of black cattle—generally men of rank and fortune—send an invitation to their neighbours to be present at the trial of the yearlings, in order to select those that are to be reserved for the amphitheatre. The greatest festivity prevails at these meetings. A temporary scaffolding is raised round the walls of a very large court, for the accommodation of the ladies. The gentlemen attend on horseback, dressed in short loose jackets of silk, chintz, or dimity, the sleeves of which are not sewed to the body, but laced with broad ribbons of a suitable colour, swelling not ungracefully round the top of the shoulders. A profusion of hanging buttons, either silver or gold, mostly silver gilt, twinkle in numerous rows round the wrists of both sexes. The saddles called *Albardones*, to distinguish them from the peak-saddle, which is seldom used in Andalusia, rise about a foot be-

fore and behind in a triangular shape. The stirrups are iron boxes, open on both sides, and affording a complete rest the whole length of the foot. Both country-people and gentlemen riding in these saddles, use the stirrups so short, that, in defiance of all the rules of *manège*, the knees and toes project from the side of the horse, and, when galloping, the rider appears to kneel on its back. A white beaver-hat of rather more than two feet diameter, fastened under the chin by a ribbon, was till lately worn at these sports, and is still used by the horsemen at the public exhibitions; but the *Montera* is now prevalent. I find it difficult indeed to describe this part of the national dress without the aid of a drawing. Imagine, however, a bishop's mitre inverted, and closed on the side intended to receive the head. Conceive the two points of the mitre so shortened that, placed downwards on the skull, they should scarcely cover the ears. Such is our national cap. Like *Don Quixote's* head-piece, the frame is made of pasteboard. Externally it is black velvet, ornamented with silk frogs and tassels of the same colour.

Each of the cavaliers holds a lance, twelve feet in length, headed with a three-edged steel point. This weapon is called *Garroca*, and is used by horsemen whenever they have to contend with the bulls either in the fields or the amphitheatre. The steel, however, is sheathed by two strong leather rings, which are taken off in proportion to the strength of the bull, and the sort of wound which is intended. On the present occasion no more than half an inch of steel is uncovered. Double that length is allowed in the amphitheatre; though the spear is not intended to kill or disable the animal, but to keep him off by the painful pressure of the steel on a superficial wound. Such, however, is the violence of the bulls when attacking the horses, that I once saw the blunt spear I have described, run along the neck into the body of the beast and kill him on the spot. But this is a rare occurrence, and foul play was suspected on the part of the man, who seems to have used more steel than the lance is allowed to be armed with.

The company being assembled in and round the rural arena, the one-year-old bulls are singly let in by the herdsmen. It might be supposed, that animals so young would be frightened at the approach of the horseman couching his spear before their eyes; but our Andalusian breeders expect better things from their favourites. A young bull must attack the horseman twice, bearing the point of the spear on his neck, before he is set apart for the bloody honours of the amphitheatre. Such as flinch from the trial are instantly thrown down by the herdsmen, and prepared for the yoke, on the spot.

These scenes are often concluded with a more cruel sport, named *Derri-bar*. A strong bull is driven from the herd into the open field, where he is pursued at full gallop by the whole band of horsemen. The Spanish bull is a fleet animal, and the horses find it difficult to keep up with him at the first onset. When he begins, however, to slack in his course, the foremost spearman, couching his lance, and aiming obliquely at the lower part of the spine, above the haunches, spurs his horse to his utmost speed, and, passing the bull, inflicts a wound, which, being exceedingly painful, makes him wince, lose his balance, and come down with a tremendous fall. The shock is so violent that the bull seems unable to rise for some time. It is hardly necessary to observe, that such feats require an uncommon degree of horsemanship, and the most complete presence of mind.

Our town itself abounds in amusements of this kind, where the professional bull-fighters learn their art, and the *amateurs* feast their eyes, occasionally joining in the sport with the very lowest of the people. You must know, by the way, that our town corporation enjoy the privilege of being our sole and exclusive butchers. They alone have a right to kill and sell meat; which, coming through their *noble* hands, (for this municipal government is entailed on the first Andalusian families) is the worst and dearest in the whole kingdom. Two droves of lean cattle are brought every week to a large slaughter-house (*el matadero*) which stands between one of the city gates and the



suburb of San Bernardo. To walk in that neighbourhood when the cattle approach is dangerous ; for, notwithstanding the emaciated condition of the animals, and though many are oxen and cows, a crowd is sure to collect on the plain, and by the waving their cloaks, and a sharp whistling which they make through their fingers, they generally succeed in dispersing the drove, in order to single out the fiercest for their amusement. Nothing but the Spanish cloak is used on these occasions. Holding it gracefully at arm's length before the body, so as to conceal the person from the breast to the feet, they wave it in the eyes of the animal, shaking their heads with an air of defiance, and generally calling out *Ha! Toro, Toro*. The bull pauses a moment before he rushes upon the nearest object. It is said, that he shuts his eyes at the instant of pushing with his horns. The man keeping his cloak in the first direction, flings it over the head of the animal, while he glances his body to the left, just when the bull, led forward by the original impulse, must run on a few yards without being able to turn upon his adversary, whom, upon wheeling round, he finds prepared to delude him as before. This sport is exceedingly lively ; and when practised by proficient, seldom attended with danger. It is called *Capéo*. The whole population of San Bernardo, men, women, and children, are adepts in this art. Within the walls of the slaughter-house, however, is the place where the bull-fighters by profession are allowed to improve themselves. A member of the town corporation presides, and admits, *gratis*, his friends ; among whom, notwithstanding the filth natural to such places, ladies do not disdain to appear. The Matadero is so well known as a school for bull-fighting, that it bears the cant appellation of the *College*. Many of our first *noblesse* have frequented no other school. Fortunately, this fashion is wearing away. Yet we have often seen Viscount Miranda, the head of one of the proudest families of the proud city of Cordova, step into the public amphitheatre, and kill a bull with his own hand. This gentleman had reared up one of his favourite animals, and accus-

tomed him to walk into his parlour, to the great consternation of the company. The bull, however, once, in a surly mood, forgot his acquired tameness, and gored one of the servants to death ; in consequence of which his master was compelled to kill him.

That Spanish gentlemen fight in public with bulls, I suppose you have heard or read. But this does not regularly take place, except at the coronation of our kings, and in their presence. Such noblemen as are able to engage in the perilous sport, volunteer their services for the sake of the reward, which is some valuable place under government, if they prefer it to an order of Knighthood. They appear on horseback, attended by the first professional fighters, on foot, and use short spears with a broad blade, called *Rejones*.

A *Bull-day*, (*Dia de Toros*) as it is emphatically called at Seville, stops all public and private business. On the preceding afternoon the Amphitheatre is thrown open to all sorts of people indiscriminately. Bands of military music enliven the bustling scene. The seats are occupied by such as wish to see the promenade on the arena, round which the ladies parade in their carriages, while every man seems to take pleasure in moving on the same spot where the fierce combat is to take place within a few hours. The spirits of the company are, in fact, pitched up by anticipation to the gay, noisy, and bold temper of the future sport.

Our Amphitheatre is one of the largest and handsomest in Spain. A great part is built of stone ; but, from want of money, the rest is wood. From ten to twelve thousand spectators may be accommodated with seats. These rise, uncovered, from an elevation of about eight feet above the arena, and are finally crowned by a gallery, from whence the wealthy behold the fights, free from the inconveniences of the weather. The lowest tier, however, is preferred by young gentlemen, as affording a clearer view of the wounds inflicted on the bull. This tier is protected by a parapet. Another strong fence, six feet high, is erected round the arena, leaving a space of about twenty between its area and the lower seats.

Openings, admitting a man side-ways, are made in this fence, to allow the men on foot an escape when closely pursued by the bull. They, however, most generally leap over it with uncommon agility. But bulls of a certain breed will not be left behind, and they literally clear the fence. Falling into the vacant space before the seats, the animal runs about till one of the gates is opened, through which he is easily drawn back to the arena.

Few among the lower classes retire to their beds on the eve of a *Bull-day*. From midnight they pour down the streets leading to the Amphitheatre, in the most riotous and offensive manner, to be present at the Encierro—*shutting-in* of the bulls, which being performed at the break of day, is allowed to be seen without paying for seats. Those animals, are conducted from their native fields to a large plain in the neighbourhood of Seville, from whence eighteen, the number exhibited daily during the feasts, are led to the Amphitheatre on the appointed day, that long confinement may not break down their fierceness. This operation has something extremely wild in its character. All the *Amateurs* of the town are seen, on horseback with their lances, hastening towards Tablada, the spot where the bulls are kept at large. The herdsmen, on foot, collect the victims of the day into a drove; this they do by means of tame oxen, called Cabestros, taught to be led by a halter, carrying, tied round their neck, a large deep-sounding bell, with a wooden clapper. What the habit of following the bells of the leaders fails to do, the cracking of the herdsmen's slings is sure to perform, when the animals are not driven to madness. The horsemen, besides, stand on all sides of the drove till they get into a round trot. Thus they proceed to within half a mile of the amphitheatre. At that distance a path is closed up on both sides, with stout poles, tied horizontally across upright stakes—a feeble rampart, indeed, against the fury of a herd of wild bulls. Yet the Sevillian mob, though fully aware of the danger, are mad enough to take pleasure in exposing themselves. The intolerable noise in my street, and the invitation

of a Member of the Maestranza—a corporate association of noblemen, whose object is the breeding and breaking of horses, and who in this town enjoy the exclusive privilege of giving bull-feasts to the public, induced me, during the last season, to get up one morning with the dawn, and take my stand at the amphitheatre, where, from their private gallery, I commanded a view of the plain lying between the river Guadalquivir and that building.

At the distant sound of the oxen's bells, shoals of people were seen driving wildly over the plain, like clouds before a strong gale. One could read in their motions, a struggle between fear on one side, and vanity and habit on the other. Now they approached the palisade, now they ran to a more distant spot. Many climbed up the trees, while the more daring or foolhardy, kept their station on what they esteemed a post of honour. As our view was terminated by a narrow pass between the river and the ancient tower called del Oro, or Golden, the cavalcade broke upon us with great effect. It approached at full gallop. The leading horsemen, now confined within the palisades, and having the whole herd at their heels, were obliged to run for their lives. Few, however, ventured on this desperate service, and their greatest force was on the rear. The herdsmen clinging to the necks of the oxen, in order to keep pace with the horses, appeared doomed to inevitable destruction. The cries of the multitude, the sound of numberless horns, made of the hollow stem of a large species of thistle, the shrill and penetrating whistling which seems most to harass and enrage the bulls, together with the confused and rapid motion of the scene, could hardly be endured without a degree of dizziness. It often happens, that the boldest of the mob, succeed in decoying a bull from the drove; but I was this time fortunate enough to see them safely lodged in the Toril—a small court divided into a series of compartments with drop-gates in the form of sluices, into which they are successively goaded from a surrounding gallery, and lodged singly till the time of letting them loose upon the arena.



The custom of this town requires that a bull be given to the populace immediately after the *shutting-in*. The irregular fight that ensues is perfectly disgusting and shocking. The only time I have witnessed it, the area of the amphitheatre was actually crowded with people, both on horse and foot. Fortunately their numbers distracted the animal: on whatever side he charged large masses ran before, on which he would have made a dreadful havoc, but for the multitude which drew his attention to another spot. Yet one of the crowd, evidently in a state of intoxication, stood still before the bull, was tossed up to a great height, and fell apparently dead. He would have been gored to pieces before our eyes, had not the herdsmen and some other good fighters drawn away the beast with their cloaks.

Such horrors are frequent at these irregular fights; yet neither the cruelty of the sport, nor the unnecessary danger to which even the most expert bull-fighters expose their lives, nor the debauch and profligacy attendant on such exhibitions, are sufficient to rouse the zeal of our fanatics against them. Our popular preachers have succeeded twice, within my recollection, in shutting up the theatre. I have myself seen a friar with a crucifix in his hand, stop at its door, at the head of an evening procession, and, during a considerable part of the performance, conjure the people, as they valued their souls, not to venture into that abode of sin; but I never heard from these holy guardians of morals the least observation against bull-fighting: and even our *high-flyers* in devotion—the *Philippians*, whom we might call our Methodists, allow all, except clergymen, to attend these bloody scenes, while they denounce absolution to any who do not renounce the play.

Before quitting the amphitheatre I was taken by my friend to the gallery from which the bulls were being goaded into their separate stalls. As it stands only two or three feet above their heads, I could not but feel a degree of terror at such a close view of those fiery savage eyes, those desperate efforts to reach the beholders, accom-

panied by repeated and ferocious bel-lowings. There is an intelligence and nobleness in the lion that makes him look much less terrific in his den. I saw the *Divisa*, a bunch of ribbons tied to a barbed steel point, stuck into the bull's necks. It is intended to distinguish the breeds by different combinations of colours, which are stated in handbills, sold about the streets like your court-calendars before the assizes.

Ten is the appointed hour to begin the morning exhibition; and such days are fixed upon as will not, by a long church-service, prevent the attendance of the canons and prebendaries, who choose to be present; for the chapter, in a body, receive a regular invitation from the *Maestranza*. Such, therefore, as have secured seats, may stay at home till the tolling of the great bell announces the elevation of the host—a ceremony which takes place near the conclusion of the daily morning service.

The view of the Seville amphitheatre, when full, is very striking. Most people attend in the Andalusian dress, part of which I have already described. The colour of the men's cloaks, which are of silk in the fine season, varies from purple to scarlet. The short loose jackets of the men display the most lively hues, and the white veils of the females, which are generally worn at these meetings, tell beautifully with the rest of their gay attire.

The clearing of the arena, on which a multitude lounge till the last moment, is part of the show, and has the appropriate appellation of *Despejo*. This is performed by a regiment of infantry. The soldiers entering at one of the gates in a column, display their ranks, at the sound of martial music, and sweep the people before them as they march across the ground. This done, the gates are closed, the soldiers perform some evolutions, in which the commanding officer is expected to show his ingenuity, till having placed his men in a convenient position, they disband in a moment, and hide themselves behind the fence.

The band of *Tereros* (bull-fighters) one half in blue, the other in scarlet cloaks, now advance in two lines across the arena, to make obeisance to the

president. Their number is generally twelve or fourteen, including the two Matadores, each attended by an assistant called *Mediaespada* (demi-sword). Close in their rear follow the Picadores (pikemen) on horseback, wearing scarlet jackets trimmed with silver lace. The shape of the horsemen's jackets resembles those in use among the English post-boys. As a protection to the legs and thighs, they have strong leather overalls, stuffed to an enormous size with soft brown paper—a substance which is said to offer great resistance to the bull's horns. After making their bow to the president, the horsemen take their post in a line to the left of the gate which is to let in the bulls, standing in the direction of the barrier at the distance of thirty or forty paces from each other. The fighters on foot, without any weapon or means of defence, except their cloaks, wait, not far from the horses, ready to give assistance to the pikemen. Every thing being thus in readiness, a constable, in the ancient Spanish costume, rides up to the front of the principal gallery, and receives into his hat the key of the *Toril* or bulls' den, which the president flings from the balcony. Scarcely has the constable delivered the key under the stewards gallery when, at the waving of the president's handkerchief, the bugles sound amid a storm of applause, the gates are flung open, and the first bull rushes into the amphitheatre. I shall describe what, on the day I allude to, our connoisseurs deemed an interesting fight, and if you imagine it repeated, with more or less danger and carnage, eight times in the morning and ten in the evening, you will have a pretty accurate notion of the whole performance.

The bull paused a moment and looked wildly upon the scene; then, taking notice of the first horseman, made a desperate charge against him. The ferocious animal was received at the point of the pike, which, according to the laws of the game, was aimed at the fleshy part of the neck. A dexterous motion of the bridle-hand and right leg made the horse evade the bull's horn, by turning to the left. Made

fiercer by the wound, he instantly attacked the next pikeman, whose horse, less obedient to the rider, was so deeply gored in the chest that he fell dead on the spot. The impulse of the bull's thrust threw the rider on the other side of the horse. An awful silence ensued. The spectators, rising from their seats, beheld in fearful suspense the wild bull goring the fallen horse, while the man, whose only chance of safety depended on lying motionless, seemed dead to all appearance. This painful scene lasted but a few seconds; for the men on foot, by running towards the bull, in various directions, waving their cloaks and uttering loud cries, soon made him quit the horse to pursue them. When the danger of the pikeman was passed, and he rose upon his legs to vault upon another horse, the burst of applause might be heard at the farthest extremity of the town. Dauntless and urged by revenge, he now galloped forth to meet the bull. But, without detailing the shocking sights that followed, I shall only mention that the ferocious animal attacked the horsemen ten successive times, wounded four horses and killed two. One of these noble creatures, though wounded in two places, continued to face the bull without shrinking, till growing too weak he fell down with the rider. Yet these horses are never trained for the fights; but are bought for the amount of thirty or forty shillings, when, worn out with labour, or broken by disease, they are unfit for any other service.

A flourish of the bugles discharged the horsemen till the beginning of the next combat, and the amusement of the people devolved on the *Banderilleros*,—the same whom we have hitherto seen attentive to the safety of the horsemen. The *Banderilla*, literally, little flag, from which they take their name, is a shaft of two feet in length, pointed with a barbed steel, and gaily ornamented with many sheets of painted paper, cut into reticulated coverings. Without a cloak, and holding one of these darts in each hand, the fighter runs up to the bull, and stopping short when he sees himself attacked, he fixes the two shafts, without flinging them, behind the horns of the beast at the



very moment when it stoops to toss him. The painful sensation makes the bull throw up his head without inflicting the intended blow, and while he rages in impotent endeavours to shake off the hanging darts that gall him, the man has full leisure to escape. It is on these occasions, when the Banderilleros fail to fix the darts, that they require their surprising swiftness of foot. Being without the protection of a cloak they are obliged to take instantly to flight. The bull follows them at full gallop; and I have seen the man leap the barrier, so closely pursued by the enraged brute, that it seemed as if he had sprung up, by placing the feet on its head. Townsend thought it was literally so. Some of the darts are set with squibs and crackers. The match, a piece of tinder, made of a dried fungus, is so fitted to the barbed point that, rising by the pressure which makes it penetrate the skin, it touches the train of the fireworks. The only object of this refinement of cruelty is to confuse the bull's instinctive powers, and, by making him completely frantic, to diminish the danger of the Matador, who is never so exposed as when the beast is collected enough to meditate the attack.

At the waving of the president's handkerchief, the bugles sounded the death signal, and the Matador came forward. Pepe Illo, the pride of this town, and certainly one of the most graceful and dexterous fighters that Spain has ever yet produced, having flung off his cloak, approached the bull with a quick, light, and fearless step. In his left hand he held a square piece of red cloth, spread upon a staff about two feet in length, and in his right a broad sword not much longer. His attendants followed him at a distance. Facing the bull, within six or eight yards, he presented the red flag, keeping his body partially concealed behind it, and the sword entirely out of view. The bull rushed against the red cloth, and our hero slipped by his side by a slight circular motion, while the beast passed under the lure which the Matador held in the first direction, till he had evaded the horns. Enraged by this deception, and unchecked by

any painful sensation, the bull collected all his strength for a desperate charge. Pepe Illo now levelled his sword at the left side of the bull's neck, and, turning upon his right foot as the animal approached him, ran the weapon nearly up to the hilt into its body. The bull staggered, tottered, and dropped gently upon his bent legs; but had yet too much life in him for any man to venture near with safety. The unfortunate Illo has since perished from a wound inflicted by a bull in a similar state. The Matador observed, for one or two minutes, the signs of approaching death in the fierce animal now crouching before him, and at his bidding, an attendant crept behind the bull and struck him dead, by driving a small poignard at the jointure of the spine and the head. This operation is never performed, except when the prostrate bull lingers. I once saw Illo, at the desire of the spectators, inflict this merciful blow in a manner which nothing but ocular demonstration would have made me believe. Taking the poignard, called *Puntilla*, by the blade, he poised it for a few moments, and jerked it with such unerring aim on the bull's neck, as he lay on his bent legs, that he killed the animal with the quickness of lightning.

Four mules, ornamented with large morrice-bells and ribbons, harnessed abreast, and drawing a beam furnished with an iron hook in the middle, galloped to the place where the bull lay. This machine being fastened to a rope previously thrown round the dead animal's horns, he was swiftly dragged out of the amphitheatre.

I have now given you a more minute, and, I trust, more correct description of every thing connected with the bull-fights than has ever been drawn by any traveller. Townsend's is the best account of these sports I ever met with; yet it is not free from mistakes. So difficult is it to see distinctly scenes with which we are not familiarly acquainted.

The risk of the fighters is great, and their dexterity alone prevents its being imminent. The lives most exposed are those of the Matadores; and few of them have retired in time to avoid a

tragical end. Bull-fighters rise from the dregs of the people. As most of their equals, they unite superstition and profligacy in their character. None of them will venture upon the arena without a *scapulary*, two small square pieces of cloth suspended by ribbons, on the breast and back, between the shirt and the waistcoat. In the front square there is a print, on linen, of the Virgin Mary—generally, the *Carmel* Mary, who is the patron goddess of all the rogues and vagabonds in Spain. These *scapularies* are blessed and sold by the Carmelite Friars. Our great Matador, Pepe Illo, besides the usual amulet, trusted for safety to the patronage of St. Joseph, whose chapel adjoins the Seville amphitheatre. The doors of this chapel were, during Illo's life, thrown open as long as the fight continued, the image of the saint being all that time encircled by a great number of lighted wax candles, which the devout gladiator provided at his own expense. The Saint, however, unmindful of this homage, allowed his client often to be wounded, and finally left him to his fate at Madrid.

To enjoy the spectacle I have described, the feelings must be greatly perverted; yet that degree of perversion is very easily accomplished. The display of courage and address which is made at these exhibitions, and the contagious nature of all emotions in

numerous assemblies, are more than sufficient to blunt, in a short time, the natural disgust arising from the first view of blood and slaughter. If we consider that even the Vestals at Rome were passionately fond of gladiatorial shows, we shall not be surprised at the Spanish taste for sports which, with infinite less waste of human life, can give rise to the strongest emotions.

The following instance, with which I shall conclude, will shew you to what degree the passion for bull-fights can grow. A gentleman of my acquaintance had, some years ago, the misfortune of losing his sight. It might be supposed, that a blind man would avoid the scene of his former enjoyment—a scene where every thing is addressed to the eye. This gentleman, however, is a constant attendant at the amphitheatre. Morning and evening he takes his place with the *Maestranza*, of which he is a member, having his guide by his side. Upon the appearance of every bull he greedily listens to the description of the animal, and of all that takes place in the fight. His mental conception of the exhibition, aided by the well known cries of the multitude, is so vivid, that when a burst of applause allows his attendant just to hint at the event that drew it from the spectators, the unfortunate man's face gleams with pleasure, and he echoes the last clappings of the circus.

## Poetry.

(English Magazines, October, 1821.)

### BELLS.

HOW sweet on the breeze of the evening swells  
The vesper call of those soothing bells,  
Borne softly and dying in echoes away,  
Like a requiem sung to the parting day.  
Wandered from roses the air is like balm,  
The wave like the sleep of an infant is calm;  
No oars are now plying in flashes to wake  
The blue repose of the tranquil lake;  
And so slight are the sighs of the slumbering gale,  
Scarce have they the power to waft my slack sail;  
Fair hour, when the blush of the evening light,  
Like a beauty is veil'd by the shadow of night,  
When the heart-beat is soft as the sun's farewell beams,  
When the spirit is melting in tenderest dreams;



A wanderer, dear England, from thee and from thine,  
 Yet the hearths I have left are my bosom's best shrine ;  
 And dear are those bells, for most precious to me,  
 Whatever can wake a remembrance of thee ;  
 They bring back the memory of long absent times,  
 Young hopes and young joys are revived in those chimes.  
 To me they are sweet as the meadows in June,  
 As the song which the nightingale pours to the moon.  
 Like the voice of a friend on my spirit they come,  
 Whose greeting is love, and whose tale is of home.  
 How blithely they're wont to ring in the new year,  
 The gayest of sounds amid Christmas time cheer.  
 How light was the welcome they gave the young May,  
 When sunshine and flowers decked her festival day.  
 How soft at the shade of the twilight that bell,  
 Rolled faintly away o'er my favourite dell ;  
 When the woodbine was fresh, and the tremulous shade  
 Of the aspen leaf over my path beneath played ;  
 When his day of toil over, the hind turned away  
 From the perfumed fields of the newly-mown hay ;  
 When no sound was heard, save the woodlark's wild song,  
 And the peal of those bells borne in echoes along ;  
 They were dear to me then, but now they are brought  
 More home to my heart, for their music is fraught  
 With all that to memory is hallowed and dear,  
 With all those fond thoughts that but speak in a tear.  
 Voiceless and holy—that simple chime is,  
 As a spell on the heart at a moment like this ;  
 Yes, sweet are those bells, for most precious to me,  
 Whatever reminds me, loved England, of thee !

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SONG. BY T. CAMPBELL.

THE brave Roland !—the brave Roland—  
 False tidings reach'd the Rhenish strand  
 That he had fall'n in fight ;  
 And thy faithful bosom swoon'd with pain,  
 O loveliest maiden of Allemayne,  
 For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,  
 In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale ?  
 For her vow had scarce been sworn,  
 And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,  
 When the Drachenfells to a trumpet rung  
 'Twas her own dear warrior's horn.—

Woe, woe ! each heart shall bleed, shall  
 break !  
 She would have hung upon his neck,  
 Had he come but yester-even ;  
 And he had clasp'd those peerless charms  
 That shall never, never fill his arms,  
 Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave, Roland the true,  
 He could not bid that spot adieu ;  
 It was dear, still 'midst his woes ;  
 For he loved to breathe the neighb'ring air,  
 And to think she blest him in her prayer,  
 When the Hallelujah rose.

There's yet one window of that pile,  
 Which he built above the nun's green isle,  
 Thence sad and oft look'd he,  
 (When the chant and organ sounded slow)  
 On the mansion of his love below,  
 For herself he might not see.

She died !—He sought the battle-plain ;  
 Her image fill'd his dying brain,  
 When he fell, and wish'd to fall :  
 And her name was in his latest sigh,  
 When Roland, the flower of chivalry,  
 Expired at Roncevall.\*

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\* The tradition which forms the substance of these stanzas is still preserved in Germany. An ancient tower on a height, called the Rolandseck, a few miles above Bonn on the Rhine, is shewn as the habitation which Roland built in sight of a nunnery, into which his mistress had retired on having heard an unfounded account of his death. Whatever may be thought of the credibility of the legend, its scenery must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has ever visited the romantic landscape of the Drachenfells, the Rolandseck, and the beautiful adjacent islet of the Rhine, where a nunnery still stands.

## ADVENTURE IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

**A**FTER residing nearly a year in one of the most distant posts of the Northwest Company, and conducting the fur trade there, I began to look forward to my return to Montreal. I waited with the greatest impatience for the arrival of the period which was to terminate my banishment, and restore me to society. I was nearly three thousand miles distant from any settlements, and my only companions were two young men, clerks of the establishment, whose characters, and limited acquirements, rendered them very uninteresting associates. My situation was one of considerable responsibility. A great number of Canadians, in the service of the Company, resided at the post, and were under my controul; but I found it a very difficult matter to keep them in a state of due subordination, and to prevent them from quarrelling and fighting with the detached parties of Indians that occasionally visited us for the purpose of trading. Interest and personal safety, alike, required that we should be on friendly terms with the natives; and I spent many anxious hours in endeavouring to promote mutual peace and good-humour.

Our post was situated upon the banks of a small lake, about sixteen miles broad. This lake discharged itself by means of a river into another of much greater dimensions, and thick forests covered every part of the neighbouring country.

One afternoon I took my gun, and strolled out in search of game. Though it was now the beginning of spring, the lake was still frozen completely across, the cold of the preceding winter having been very intense. I soon fell in with a flock of wild ducks, but before I could get a shot at them, they began to fly towards the middle of the lake; however, I followed them fearlessly over the ice, in the expectation that they would soon alight. The weather was mild, though rather blowy. Detached black clouds moved rapidly

along the face of Heaven in immense masses, and the sun blazed forth in unobscured splendour at one moment, and was completely shrouded from the eye the next. I was so intent on the pursuit of my game, that I hastened forwards almost unconsciously, my progress being much facilitated by a thin layer of snow which covered the ice, and rendered the footing tolerably secure. At last, I fired at the ducks, and killed one and wounded another. I immediately picked up the first, but its companion, having only been winged, began to leap away before I caught hold of it. I followed, but had not advanced more than twenty yards, when, to my astonishment, I found that the ice was in many places covered with water to the depth of several inches. I stopped short full of alarm, and irresolute what to do. It was evident that a thaw had already commenced, and as I well knew with what rapidity the ice broke up when once affected by a change of temperature, I became alive to all the dangers of my situation, and almost shuddered at the thought of moving from the spot on which I stood.

The weather had grown calm and hazy, and the sky was very black and lowering. Large flakes of snow soon began to fall languidly and perpendicularly through the air; and after a little time, these were accompanied by a thick shower of sleety rain, which gradually became so dense, that I could not discern the shore. I strained my eyes to catch a glance of some living object, but a dreary and motionless expanse stretched around me on every side, and the appalling silence that prevailed was sometimes interrupted by the receding cries of the wounded bird. All nature seemed to be awaiting some terrible event. I listened in fearful suspense, though I knew not what I expected to hear. I soon distinguished a distant thundering noise, which gradually became stronger, and appeared to approach the place where I



stood. Repeated explosions, and hollow murmurings of irregular loudness, were succeeded by a tremendous sound, like that of rocks bursting asunder. The ice trembled beneath my feet, and the next moment it was disunited by a vast chasm, which opened itself within a few yards of me. The water of the lake rushed upwards through the gap with foaming fury, and began to flood the surface all around.

I started backwards, and ran, as I conceived, towards the shore; but my progress was soon stopped by one of those weak parts of the ice called *air-holes*. While walking cautiously round it, my mind grew somewhat composed, and I resolved not to advance any farther, until I had fixed upon some way of regulating my course; but I found this to be impossible. I vainly endeavoured to discern land, and the moaning of the wind among the distant forests alone indicated that there was any at all near me. Strong and irregular blasts, loaded with snow and sleet, swept wildly along, involving every thing in obscurity, and bewildering my steps with malignant influence. I sometimes fancied I saw the spot where our post was situated, and even the trees and houses upon it; but the next moment a gust of wind would whirl away the fantastic shaped fogs that had produced the agreeable illusion, and reduce me to actionless despair. I fired my gun repeatedly, in the hope that the report would bring some one to my assistance; however, the shores alone acknowledged, by feeble echoes, that the sound had reached them.

The storm increased in violence, and at intervals the sound of the ice breaking up, rolled upon my ear like distant thunder, and seemed to mutter appalling threats. Alarm and fatigue made me dizzy, and I threw down my gun and rushed forwards in the face of the drifting showers, which were now so thick as to affect my respiration. I soon lost all sense of fear, and began to feel a sort of frantic delight in struggling against the careering blasts. I hurried on, sometimes running along the brink of a circular opening in the ice, and sometimes leaping across frightful chasms—all the while uncon-

scious of having any object in view. The ice every where creaked under my feet, and I knew that death awaited me, whether I fled away or remained on the same spot. I felt as one would do, if forced by some persecuting fiend to range over the surface of a black and shoreless ocean; and aware, that whenever his tormentor withdrew his sustaining power, he would sink down and be suffocated among the billows that struggled beneath him.

At last night came on, and, exhausted by fatigue and mental excitement, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and lay down upon the ice. It was so dark that I could not have moved one step without running the risk of falling into the lake. I almost wished that the drowsiness, produced by intense cold, would begin to affect me; but I did not feel in the slightest degree chilled, and the temperance of the air was in reality above freezing. I had lain only a few minutes when I heard the howl of a wolf. The sound was indescribably delightful to my ear, and I started up with the intention of hastening to the spot from whence it seemed to proceed; but hopeless as my situation then was, my heart shrunk within me when I contemplated the dangers I would encounter in making such an attempt. My courage failed, and I resumed my former position, and listened to the undulations of the water as they undermined, and beat against the lower part of the ice on which I lay.

About midnight the storm ceased, and most of the clouds gradually forsook the sky, while the rising moon dispelled the darkness that had previously prevailed. However, a thick haze covered the heavens, and rendered her light dim and ghastly, and similar to that shed during an eclipse. A succession of noises had continued with little interruption for several hours, and at last the ice beneath me began to move. I started up, and, on looking around, saw that the whole surface of the lake was in a state of agitation. My eyes became dim, and I stretched out my arms to catch hold of some object, and felt as if all created things were passing away. The hissing, grinding, and crashing, produced by

the different masses of ice coming into collision, were tremendous. Large fragments sometimes got wedged together, and impeded the progress of those behind them, which being pushed forward by others still farther back, were forced upon the top of the first, and fantastic-shaped pyramids and towers could be indistinctly seen rising among the mists of night, and momentarily changing their forms, and finally disorganizing themselves with magical rapidity and fearful tumult. At other times, an immense mass of ice would start up into a perpendicular position, and continue gleaming in the moonshine for a little period, and then vanish like a spectre among the abyss of waters beneath it. The piece of ice on which I had first taken my position, happened to be very large and thick, but other fragments were soon forced above it, and formed a mound six or seven feet high, on the top of which I stood, contemplating the awful scene around me, and feeling as if I no longer had the least connection with the world, or retained any thing human or earthly in my composition.

The wind, which was pretty strong, drove the ice down the lake very fast. My alarms and anxieties had gradually become less intense, and I was several times overcome by a sort of stupor; during the continuance of which, imagination and reality combined their distracting influence. At one time I fancied that the snow still drifted as violently as ever, and that I distinguished, through its hazy medium, a band of Indian chiefs walking past me upon the surface of the lake. Their steps were noiseless, and they went along with wan and dejected looks and downcast eyes, and paid no attention to my exclamations and entreaties for relief. At another, I thought I was floating in the middle of the ocean, and that a blazing sun flamed in the cloudless sky, and made the ice which supported me melt so fast, that I heard streams of water pouring from its sides, and felt myself every moment descending towards the surface of the billows. I was usually wakened from such dreams by some noise or violent concussion, but always relapsed into them

whenever the cause of disturbance ceased to operate.

The longest and last of these slumbers was broken by a terrible shock, which my ice island received, and which threw me from my seat, and nearly precipitated me into the lake. On regaining my former position, and looking round, I perceived to my joy and astonishment, that I was in a river. The water between me and the shore was still frozen over, and was about thirty yards wide, consequently the fragment of ice on which I stood could not approach any nearer than this. After a moment of irresolution, I leaped upon the frozen surface, and began to run towards the bank of the river. My feet seemed scarcely to touch the ice, so great was my terror lest it should give way beneath me; but I reached the shore in safety, and dropped down completely exhausted by fatigue and agitation.

It was now broad day-light, but I neither saw animals nor human beings, nor any vestiges of them. Thick forests covered the banks of the river, and extended back as far as my eye could reach. I feared to penetrate them, lest I should get bewildered in their recesses, and accordingly walked along the edge of the stream. It was not long before I discovered a column of smoke rising among the trees. I immediately directed my steps towards the spot, and, on reaching it, found a party seated round a fire.

They received me with an air of indifference and unconcern, not very agreeable or encouraging to one in my destitute condition. However, I placed myself in their circle, and tried to discover to what tribe they belonged, by addressing them in the different Indian languages with which I was acquainted. I soon made myself intelligible, and related the circumstances that had brought me so unexpectedly among them. At the conclusion of my narrative, the men pulled their tomahawk pipes from their mouths, and looked at each other with incredulous smiles. I did not make any attempt to convince them of the truth of what I said, knowing it would be vain to do so, but asked for something to



eat. After some deliberation they gave me a small quantity of pemican, but with an unwillingness that did not evince such a spirit of hospitality as I had usually met with among Indians.

The party consisted of three men, two women, and a couple of children, all of whom sat or lay near the fire in absolute idleness; and their minds seemed to be as unoccupied as their bodies, for nothing resembling conversation ever passed between them. The weather was dreary and comfortless. A thick small rain, such as usually falls in North America during a thaw, filled the air, and the wigwam under which we sat afforded but an imperfect shelter from it. I passed the time in the most gloomy and desponding reflections. I saw no means by which I could return to the trading post, and the behaviour of the Indians made me doubt if they would be inclined to grant me that support and protection without which I could not long exist. One man gazed upon me so constantly and steadily, that his scrutiny annoyed me, and attracted my particular attention. He appeared to be the youngest of the party, and was very reserved and unprepossessing in his aspect, and seemed to know me, but I could not recollect of ever having seen him before.

In the afternoon the rain ceased, and the Indians began to prepare for travelling. When they had accoutered themselves, they all rose from the ground without speaking a word, and walked away, one man taking the lead. I perceived that they did not intend that I should be of the party, but I followed them immediately, and, addressing myself to the person who preceded the others, told him, that I must accompany them, as I neither could live in the woods alone, nor knew in what part of the country I was. He stopped and surveyed me from head to foot, saying, "Where is your gun? Where is your knife? Where is your tomahawk?" I replied, that I had lost them among the ice. "My friend," returned he, "don't make the Great Spirit angry, by saying what is not. That man knows who you are," pointing to the Indian who had observed me so closely. "We all know who

you are. You have come to trade with us, and I suppose your companions have concealed themselves at a distance, lest the appearance of a number of white men should intimidate us. They are right. Experience has taught us to fear white men; but their art, not their strength, makes us tremble. Go away, we do not wish to have any transactions with you. We are not to be betrayed or overpowered by liquid fire,\* or any thing else you can offer us. None of us shall harm you. I have spoken the truth, for I have not two mouths."

When he had finished this oration, he remained silent, and I felt at a loss what to reply. At last I repeated my story, and endeavoured to convince him that I neither had any companions, nor was at all in a situation to trade with his people, or do them the slightest injury. He listened calmly to my arguments, and seemed to think there was some weight in them; and the young man already mentioned stepped forward, and said, "Let the stranger go with us,—the bones of my father cry out against our leaving him behind. I am young, but I dare to advise.—Listen for once to the counsels of Thakawerenté." The first speaker then waved his hand, as a signal that I should follow them, and the whole party proceeded in the same order as before.

Our leader pushed forward, apparently without the least hesitation, though, accustomed as I was to the woods, I could not discover the slightest trace of a footpath. He sometimes slackened his pace for a few moments, and looked thoughtfully at the trees, and then advanced as fast as before. None of the party spoke a word; and the rustling of the dry leaves under their feet was the only sound that disturbed the silence of the forest. Though freed from the fear of perishing for want, I could not reflect upon my situation without uneasiness and alarm; and my chance of being able to return to the post seemed to diminish every step I took. I felt excessively fatigued, not having enjoyed any natural or composed sleep the preceding night, and the roughness of the ground over

\* Spirituous liquors.

which we passed, added to my weariness in an intolerable degree; but I could not venture to rest by the way, lest I should lose sight of the Indians for ever.

Soon after sunset, we stopped for the night, and the men set about erecting a wigwam, while the women kindled a fire. One of our party had killed a small deer, in the course of our journey, and he immediately proceeded to skin the animal, that a portion of it might be dressed for supper. When the venison was ready, they all sat down and partook of it, and a liberal allowance was handed to me; but the same silence prevailed that had hitherto been observed among them, and the comforts of a plentiful repast after a long journey, did not appear in the least degree to promote social communication. The meal being finished, the men filled their pipes with odoriferous herbs, and began to smoke in the most sedate manner, and the women prepared beds by spreading skins upon the ground. The composed demeanour of the party harmonized well with the silence and gloominess of the night; and it seemed that the awful solitude of the forests in which they lived, and the sublime and enduring forms under which nature continually presented herself to their eyes, had impressed them with a sense of their own insignificance, and of the transitoriness of their daily occupations and enjoyments, and rendered them thoughtful, taciturn, and unsusceptible. I seated myself at the root of a large tree near the wigwam, and continued observing its inmates, till, overcome by fatigue, I sunk into a deep sleep.

About midnight I was awakened by some one pulling my hand, and, on looking up, I perceived the Indian who had opposed my accompanying them, and whose name was Outalisso, standing beside me. He put his finger on his lips, by way of enjoining silence, and motioned that I should rise and follow him. I obeyed, and he led me behind a large tree which grew at a little distance from the wigwam, and said in a low voice, "Listen to me, my friend.—I told you that you would receive no harm from us; and shall I be-

lie my words? Thakakawerenté, who requested that you might be allowed to follow our steps, says that his father was murdered by a party of people under your command, about nine moons ago. This may be true, and you at the same time may be guiltless; for we cannot always controul those who are placed under our authority. He tells me that the spirit of the old man has twice appeared to him in his dreams to-night, desiring him to put you to death. He has gone to repose himself again, and if his father visits him a third time during sleep, he will certainly kill you whenever he awakes. You must, therefore, hasten away, if you wish to live any longer." "What can I do?" cried I; "death awaits me whether I remain here, or fly from Thakakawerenté. It is impossible for me to reach home alone." "Be patient," returned Outalisso, "and I will try to save you. Not far from hence, the roots of a large oak, which has been blown down by the wind, stretch high into the air, and may be seen at a great distance. You must go there, and wait till I come to you. Keep the mossy side of the trees on your left hand, and you will find the place without any difficulty."

Outalisso motioned me to hurry away, and I departed with a palpitating heart, and plunged into the recesses of the forest, and regulated my course in the manner he directed. The moon was rising, and I could see to a considerable distance around. The rustling of the dry leaves among my feet often made me think that some one walked close behind me, and I scarcely dared to look back, lest I should see an uplifted tomahawk descending upon my head. I sometimes fancied I observed Thakakawerenté lurking among the brushwood, and stopped short till imagination conjured up his form in a different part of the forest, and rendered me irresolute which phantom I should endeavour to avoid.

I reached the tree sooner than I expected: It lay along the ground, and its immense roots projected from the trunk, at right angles, to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, their interstices,



being so filled with earth that it was impossible to see through them.

I sat down, and found the agitation of my spirits gradually subside, under the tranquillizing influence of the scene. Not a breath of wind shook the trees, the leafless and delicately-fibred boughs of which, when viewed against the cloudless sky, seemed like a sable network spread overhead. The nests which the birds had made the preceding summer, still remained among the branches, silent, deserted, and unsheltered, making the loneliness of the forest, as it were, visible to the mind; while a withered leaf sometimes dropped slowly down—a sad memorial of the departed glories of the vegetable world. A small rivulet ran within a little distance of me, but its course was so concealed by long grass, that I would have been aware of its existence by the murmuring of its waters only, had it not glittered dazzlingly in the moonshine at one spot, while flowing over a large smooth stone. When I looked into the recesses of the forest, I saw the trees ranged before each other like colossal pillars, and gradually blending their stems together, until they formed a dark and undefined mass. In some places, a scathed trunk, whitened with the moss of successive centuries, stood erect in spectral grandeur, like a being whom immense age and associations, rivetted to long-past times, had isolated from the sympathies of his fellow-mortals. As the moon gradually rose on the arch of heaven, her light fell at different angles, and the aspect of the woods was continually changing. New and grander groupes of trees came into view, and mighty oaks and chesnuts seemed to stalk forward, with majestic slowness, from the surrounding obscurity, and, after a time, to give place to a succession of others, by retiring amidst the darkness from which they had at first emerged. Tremours of awe began to pervade my frame, and I almost expected that the tones of some superhuman voice would break the appalling silence that prevailed in the wilderness around me.

My mind, by degrees, became so calm, that I dropped into a half slumber, during which I had a distinct per-

ception where I was, but totally forgot the circumstances connected with my situation. A slight noise at length startled me, and I awaked full of terror, but could not conceive why I should feel such alarm, until recollection made the form of *Thakakawerenté* flash upon my mind. I saw a number of indistinct forms moving backwards and forwards, a little way from me, and heard something beating gently upon the ground. A small cloud floated before the moon, and I waited with breathless impatience till it passed away, and allowed her full radiance to reach the earth. I then discovered that five deer had come to drink at the rivulet, and that the noise of them striking their fore-feet against its banks had aroused me. They stood gazing at me with an aspect so meek and beautiful, that they almost seemed to incorporate with the moonlight, but, after a little time, started away, and disappeared among the mazes of the forest.

When I surveyed the heavens, I perceived by the alteration which had taken place in their appearance, that I had slept a considerable time. The moon had begun to descend towards the horizon; a new succession of stars glittered upon the sky; the respective positions of the different constellations were changed; and one of the planets which had been conspicuous from its dazzling lustre, a few hours before, had set, and was no longer distinguishable. It was overpowering to think that all these changes had been effected without noise, tumult, or confusion, and that worlds performed their revolutions, and travelled through the boundlessness of space, with a silence too profound to awaken an echo in the noiseless depths of the forest, or disturb the slumbers of a feeble human being.

I waited impatiently for the appearance of *Outalisso*, who had not informed me at what hour I might expect to see him. The stars now twinkled feebly amidst the faint glow of dawn that began to light the eastern horizon, and the setting moon appeared behind some pines, and threw a rich yellow radiance upon their dark-green boughs. Gentle

rustlings among the trees, and low chirpings, announced that the birds began to feel the influence of approaching day; and I sometimes observed a solitary wolf stealing cautiously along in the distance. While engaged in contemplating the scene, I suddenly thought I saw an Indian a little way off. I could not ascertain whether or not it was Outalisso, but fearing it might be Thakakawerenté, whom I dreaded to encounter in my unarmed state, I retired from the roots of the tree, and concealed myself among some brushwood.

I remained there for some time, but did not perceive any one near me, and thinking that I had been deceived by fancy, I resolved to return to my former station, and accordingly set out towards the great tree, but shortly became alarmed at neither reaching it nor seeing it so soon as I expected. I turned back in much agitation, and endeavoured to retrace my steps to the brushwood, but all in vain. I examined the most remarkable trees around me, without being able to recollect of having seen one of them before. I perceived that I had lost myself. The moment I became aware of this, my faculties and perception seemed to desert me one after another, and at last I was conscious of being in existence only by the feeling of chaotic and insupportable hopelessness which remained; but after a little time, all my intellectual powers returned with increased vigour and acuteness, and appeared to me to vie with each other in giving me a vivid sense of the horrors of my situation. My soul seemed incapable of affording play to the tumultuous crowd of feelings that struggled to manifest themselves. I hurried wildly from one place to another, calling on Outalisso and Thakakawerenté by turns. The horrible silence that prevailed was more distracting than a thousand deafening noises would have been. I staggered about in a state of dizzy perturbation. My ears began to ring with unearthly sounds, and every object became distorted and terrific. The trees seemed to start from their places, and rush past each other, intermingling their branches with furious violence and horrible crash-

ings, while the moon careered along the sky, and the stars hurried backwards and forwards with eddying and impetuous motions.

I tried in vain for a long time to compose myself, and to bring my feelings under due subordination. The remembrance of the past was obliterated and renewed by fits and starts; but at best, my recollection of any thing that had occurred to me previous to the breaking up of the ice upon the lake, was shadowy, dim, and unsatisfactory, and I felt as if the former part of my life had been spent in another world. I lay down among the withered leaves, and covered my face with my hands, that I might avoid the mental distraction occasioned by the sight of external objects. I began to reflect that I could not possibly have as yet wandered far from the great tree, and that if I called upon Outalisso at intervals, he might perhaps hear me and come to my relief. Consoled by the idea, I gradually became quiet and resigned.

I soon began to make the woods resound with the name of Outalisso; but, in the course of the day, a tempest of wind arose, and raged with so much noise that I could hardly hear my own voice. A dense mist filled the air, and involved every thing in such obscurity that the sphere of my vision did not extend above five or six yards. The fog was in continual agitation, rolling along in volumes, ascending and descending, bursting open and closing again, and assuming strange and transitory forms. Every time the blast received an accession of force, I heard a confused roaring and crashing at a distance, which gradually increased in strength and distinctness, till it reached that part of the forest that stretched around me. Then the trees began to creak and groan incessantly, their boughs were shattered against each other, fibres of wood whirled through the air in every direction, and showers of withered leaves caught up, and swept along by the wind, met and mingled with them, and rendered the confusion still more distracting. I stood still in one spot, looking tearfully from side to side, in the prospect of being crushed to death by some immense mass of



falling timber, for the trees around me, when viewed through the distorting medium of the fog, often appeared to have lost their perpendicularity, and to be bending towards the earth, although they only waved in the wind. At last I crept under the trunk of an oak that lay along the ground, resolving to remain there until the tempest should abate.

A short time before sunset the wind had ceased, the mists were dissipated, and a portion of the blue sky appeared directly above me. Encouraged by these favourable appearances, I ventured from my place of refuge, and began to think of making another attempt to regain the great tree, when I heard the report of a rifle. I was so petrified with joy and surprise that I had no power to call out till the firing was repeated. I then shouted "Outalisso" several times, and soon saw him advancing towards me.

"Why are you not at the place I appointed," cried he; "I feared you had lost yourself, and discharged my gun as a signal,—but all danger is past—Thakakawerenté is dead, I killed him." There was some blood on Outalisso's dress, but he looked so calm and careless that I hesitated to believe what he told me.

"I do not deceive you," said he, "and I will tell you how Thakakawerenté came by his death. He awaked soon after midnight, and not finding you in the camp, suspected that I had told you that he intended to kill you. He taxed me with having done so, and I scorned to deny it. His anger made him forget the truth, and he said I had betrayed my trust, and at the same time struck me on the face. Now you know an Indian never forgives a blow, or an accusation such as he uttered. I buried my tomahawk in his head. His friends lay asleep in the wigwam, and I dragged away his body to some distance, and covered it with leaves, and then concealed myself till I saw them set out on their journey, which they soon did, doubtless supposing that Thakakawerenté and I had gone on before. I have been at the great tree since morning, but the mist

and the tempest prevented me from seeking you till now. Be satisfied, you shall see the corpse of Thakakawerenté.—Follow me!"

Outalisso now began to proceed rapidly through the forest, and I walked behind him without uttering a word. We soon reached the spot where the Indians had slept the preceding night, and found the wigwam remaining, and likewise several embers of fire. My companion immediately fanned them into a state of brightness, and then collected some pieces of dry wood that lay around, and piled them upon the charcoal. The whole soon burst into a blaze, and we both sat down within its influence, Outalisso at the same time presenting me with a quantity of pemican, which proved very acceptable, as I had eat nothing for more than twenty hours.

After we had reposed ourselves a little, Outalisso rose up, and motioned that I should accompany him. He conducted me to a small pile of brushwood and dry leaves, part of which he immediately removed, and I saw the corpse of Thakakawerenté stretched beneath. I shrunk back, shuddering with horror, but he pulled me forwards, and said, I must assist him in conveying the body to the fire. Seeing me still unwilling, he took it up in his arms, and hurrying away, deposited it in the wigwam. I followed him; and asked what he meant by doing so. "Are you ignorant of our customs?" said he: "When an Indian dies, all his property must be buried with him. He who takes any thing that belonged to a dead person, will receive a curse from the Great Spirit in addition. After I had killed Thakakawerenté, I took up his tomahawk by mistake, and carried it away with me. I must now restore it, and also cover him with earth lest his bones should whiten in the sun."

Outalisso now proceeded to arrange the dress of the dead man, and likewise stuck the tomahawk in his girdle. He next went a little way into the forest for the purpose of collecting some bark to put in the bottom of the grave, and I was left alone.

The night was dark, dim, and dreary,

and the fire blazed feebly and irregularly. A superstitious awe stole over me, and I dared hardly look around, though I sometimes cast an almost involuntary glance at the corpse, which had a wild and fearful appearance. Thakakawerenté lay upon his back, and his long, lank, black hair was spread confusedly upon his breast and neck. His half-open eyes still retained a glassy lustre, and his teeth were firmly set against each other. Large dashes of blood stained his vest, and his clenched hands, and contracted limbs, shewed what struggles had preceded death. When the flickering light of the fire happened to fall upon him, I almost fancied that he began to move, and would have started away, had not a depressing dread chained me to the spot; but the sound of Outalisso's axe, in some degree, dissipated the fears that chilled my heart, and I spent the time in listen-

ing to the regular recurrence of its strokes, until he came back with an armful of bark.

I assisted him in burying Thakakawerenté under the shade of a tall walnut tree; and when we had accomplished this, we returned to the fire, and waited till moonlight would enable us to pursue our journey. Outalisso had willingly agreed to conduct me home, for he wished to change his abode for a season, lest Thakakawerenté's relations should discover his guilt, and execute vengeance upon him.

We set out about an hour after midnight, and travelled through the woods till dawn, when we came in sight of the river, on the banks of which I had first fallen in with the Indians. In the course of the day, Outalisso procured a canoe, and we paddled up the stream, and next morning reached the trading post on the side of the lake.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

#### TIMBUCTOO AND MUNGO PARK.

*[We have received the following interesting communication from Glasgow. Our correspondent describes the author as deserving of the fullest confidence, mentioning the names of several gentlemen on whose affairs he was engaged in the Mediterranean; and, from our own knowledge of their characters we are perfectly convinced they would never countenance any person capable of attempting to impose on the public. The little narrative itself has an air of simplicity and truth, very unlike a fictitious story, and it was not drawn up, as we are informed, with a view to publication; indeed, the incidents which it describes are not important, except with reference to the bold, but unfortunate traveller on whose fate they seem to throw a little light.]*

ON the 1st of June, 1820, I sailed from Tangiers to Genoa, accompanied by Hagi Mahomet Alibabi, a Timbucton merchant, who had along with him eight Moors, two as companions, and six as attendants. This merchant was one of twenty-five adventurers, who, according to a practice prevalent in Morocco, left Fez for Timbuctoo, with the view of entering into speculations with the natives, and of collecting gold and silver, with which the sands of that place are said to abound. He resided there for twenty-five years, and so detrimental did the climate prove, that in that time he buried twenty-three out of twenty-four companions who had accompanied him. At the end of this period he returned to Fez, and was now proceeding thence to Mecca on a pilgrimage to the Pro-

phet's tomb. Along with him he had in gold, silver, elephants' teeth, gems, and the like merchandise, what I valued at about 3000*l.* sterling, and which I understood to be the product of his industry at Timbuctoo.

In the course of much conversation which I had with him, I asked whether he thought it practicable to penetrate into the interior of Africa? He answered, the only obstacle he knew was the unhealthiness of the climate. I then asked what course he would recommend to a European who wished to penetrate into Africa? He said, that he considered the best way for a person with such a wish, would be to join a company of travelling Moors at Morocco, conforming to their habits and forms of devotion. He added, that if a European adopted this course under the Emperor's pro-



tection, which could be easily procured by a recommendation from our government, he would be subject to no danger save such as arose from the climate. He stated that the journey from Fez to Timbuctoo occupies two months. Continuing this conversation, I asked him whether he had ever heard of any Christians visiting Timbuctoo? He said that he did recollect of a boat, (*una barca*) manned by Christians, advancing towards Timbuctoo by the river. The king, hearing of its approach, sent a canoe to inquire regarding their object, and to demand duties. A dispute ensued, in which the Christians fired on the Timbuctons, killing one and obliging the others to retire, who however did so only to await an opportunity of revenge. The Christians then rowed to the shore, at the foot of a high mountain, and disembarked there, leaving the boat unguarded. The tide falling soon after, the boat was left ashore.

The Timbuctons thought this a good opportunity for revenge, and climbing up the mountain, they rolled large stones upon the boat, leaving it totally useless.

In this helpless predicament, the Christians wandered for some time among the mountains in the greatest distress. Unfortunately, however, their visit, the catastrophe, and their presence, united in exciting the imaginary fears of the Timbuctons. The king found it necessary to call a council, in order to consider the most effectual means of preventing those consequences which these fears had for their object. The general opinion there was, that they were spies, and that, if allowed to escape, they would, in all probability, return with an army to take possession of the country, and inflict some dreadful calamity upon the inhabitants. Under this impression, it was resolved, that they should be immediately taken and put to death; a resolution which was carried into effect. The merchant drawing the side of his hand across his throat, signified what had been the end of these unfortunate adventurers. When I questioned him as to the date of this transaction, he seemed to recollect by stringing together, with apparent diffi-

culty, a number of events. On two occasions, however, when I questioned him on this head, he said, he thought that what he related had taken place eleven years ago; that is, in the year 1809. This date will probably be considered by some, as too late to identify the transaction with the fate of Mr. Park and of his companions. It would surely, however, be too much to object to the story on this account alone. The merchant was to be considered as a foreigner, he had no personal interest in the transaction, no family occurrence with which, as we see mothers do, he might connect it in his recollection; he had, doubtless, long ceased to employ it as a topic of conversation, and, at most, he had probably only employed it transiently as such. In these circumstances, strict accuracy was not to be expected. And if it be supposed necessary to place the transaction two or three years farther back, I apprehend that no candid person, who recollects the distance in time since it took place, and the circumstances of the narrator, will consider that too great a latitude has been given. In justice to the merchant, I should allude to the language in which we communicated. This was the Spanish, a language foreign to us both, and though known to us sufficiently for general purposes, yet not completely, as in those particulars which give so different a colouring to a narration. Partly to this circumstance, and partly to the ignorance which prevails among the inhabitants of the Mediterranean, of the rising and falling of the tide, I attribute the mention that is made of the falling of tide on the river. The expression struck me at the time, and I then, and afterwards, questioned him on it closely and keenly, till unfortunately he lost temper on the subject, and I was obliged to desist. As, however, I find that travellers state, that great swellings, occasioning sometimes inundations, take place on the river at Timbuctoo, I think it not improbable that the merchant alluded to a subsid-ing from one of those swellings.

The character of the merchant, it is incumbent on me to state, was held in the highest respect among the Moors. A Sherref accompanied him, and I

could perceive, that even on him, the austerity of the merchant impressed awe. At sea, and in quarantine, I was confined for two months to the company of the merchant and his companions; and though they proved disagree-

able to me on account of their habits, yet I did not take leave of them without some of those sentiments of respect for the character of the merchant which his countrymen entertained.

## Sketches of Society.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

### THE FISH-MARKET IN EDINBURGH.

**A**RE you a thrifty housewife, madam?—Yes, sir, I flatter myself I attempt to be so.—Then go to the fish-market. Are you partial to the luxuries of the table, sir?—Visit the fish-market then by all means. Do you take pleasure in noticing the varieties of human character, and the display of human passions?—Go, buy, study, saunter, meditate in the fish-market of Edinburgh. There you will hear figures of speech, which never entered into the heads of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, of a Burke or an Erskine, and find similies in daily use, which neither Shakespeare nor Milton ever dreamt of. Are you a painter, and do you love to see the different costumes of this world's inhabitants? Take your pencil or your crayons, and study, reside, in the fish-market. In fine, do you wish at little expense to acquire a knowledge of the world; to see the naked passions of the human heart displayed in their very grossness, let your steps often be directed to the market of fishes of the good town of Edinburgh. There you will meet the rich and the poor,—the old and the young,—the prudent and the spendthrift,—the shopkeeper and his journeyman,—the mistress and her servant, jostling one another and joining to form a motley crowd, which cannot be paralleled in any other place; while the fish cadies and the fisherwomen in the congregated noises of their diversified modes of speech, give a finer idea of the confusion of Babel than can be elsewhere acquired.

'Come awa, hinny, and see what ye're for the day;' said my good friend Nelly Speldins, as I passed the range of creels with shell-fish. 'Here's twa

rock-partens I can recommend;—ye'll no find their marrow in the market the day; just find the weight o' them.'—'No partens to-day, Nelly,' answered I.—'My bonny man,' said another venerable friend, whose ruddy face has long been familiar to market-makers,—'My bonny man,' said she, as she came running up to me with a handful of scallops, 'did you ever see the like o' thae clams?'—'They seem very fine indeed, Christy, but I don't want any to-day.' My coat at this moment was pulled from behind, and on looking round, Grizzel Thomson accosted me with 'Mr. Columbine! Mr. Columbine! I've a hunder fine oysters picket out and laid by for you.'—'What's the price to-day, Grizzly?' said I.—'Only four shillings the hunder, sir;—where's your cadie?—hae you gotten a tankard to haud them?' My arm was now gently touched in another direction by Peggy Buckies, who said in a half whisper, 'Mr. Currantbush, ye're no to gang past me for oysters—ye tell'd me to keep pandores for you, and here's just ae hunder that I kept back frae Charlie Oman, wha aye gies me sixpence mair for them.'

Every body has read the fable of the ass between two bundles of hay: and I found myself at this moment in a similar predicament. My suitors, seeing my irresolution, each was eager to have my fiat on the bargain. 'The gentleman aye deals wi' me,' said Peggy, who was by much the younger of the two. 'Ye lien jade, he spoke to me first,' replied Grizzel.—'Look at thae again, Mr. Currantbush,' Peggy subsumed.—'Taste mine, Mr. Columbine,' retorted Mrs. Grizzly, hastily opening a large oyster, and holding it in its native gravy



up to my mouth; while this elegant appeal to my organs of taste rendered a reference of the same kind imperative on the part of Mrs. Peggy. I was now pretty much in the same dilemma, in the decision of the comparative merits of an oyster, as Mr. Paris of old, when besieged by the three goddesses who claimed the prize of beauty; and not to make an invidious distinction between my two friends, I took an oyster in each hand from the rivals, and, had my mouth been large enough, or the capacity of my throat allowed, I should have swallowed both at once to evince my impartiality. I dispatched both in an interval so short, however, that I am unable at this moment to say which had the priority in running the race into my stomach; and to end the conference I said, in my gravest manner, 'I'll tell you what I'll do, Grizzel: You offered me your oysters first.'—'That's God's truth, the cadie heard me,' said Grizzel.—'But Mr. Currantbush, ye gart me promise to keep ye gude anes,' interrupted Mrs. Peggy.—'Haud your tongue, ye haverel, and let the gentleman speak,' said Mrs. Grizzel.—'Go you claverin auld fool,' retorted Peggy, 'I ken as weel how to serve a gentleman as you.'

All this time I could not get in a word, and turned my head to the one side and to the other, as the calls on my attention were bandied about from side to side. But seeing little prospect of a speedy termination to the statement of the case, I again interposed. 'You offered me your oysters first, Grizzel; count me out half a hundred.'—'Half a hunder oysters!' said Grizzel, with a face in which astonishment was painted, —'half a hunder oysters! Na, I winna affront your leddy by sending hame half a hunder oysters to your house. I winna affront ye, Mr. Columbine, whether ye pay me or no.'—'Well, let it be a hundred then,' said I.—'Yes, sir,' said Grizzel, her face assuming its wonted placability.—'Yes, sir; Cadie! Isbel! —Is nae blind Isbel your cadie, Mr. Columbine?'—'And Peggy,' said I, turning to the other nymph, who during the latter part of the transaction looked disappointment personified, 'Peggy, I'll take a hundred from you likewise.'—

'You're very good, sir,' answered Peggy; ye'll no find mine's the warst bargain.'—'But recollect this both of you,' continued I, 'I will give no more than three shillings the hundred; it is quite enough in all conscience.'—'Three shillings!' cried Mrs. Grizzel, putting her hands in the mass of petticoats in which her pockets were enveloped; 'three shillings!—ye's no get my oysters for three shillings the day.'—'Three shillings, and the oysters sae scarce!' ejaculated Mrs. Peggy. 'It may be enough for Grizzly Thamson's oysters, but ye's ne'er get mine for that price.'—'Very well,' said I, 'I don't want them; I would rather not buy any;' and I turned to go away. 'Hear me! come back, Mr. Columbine,' exclaimed Grizzel; 'I'll tak your siller for handsel, but ye maun pit anither sixpence till't.'—'Not one farthing more,' replied I.—'Weel, weel, a wilfu' man maun aye hae his will,' said Grizzel, moralizing upon the occasion.—'As mine's in your tankard ye may tak mine too,' said Peggy, with a self-congratulatory smile; 'but mind ye're awn me a shilling the morn.'

Blind Isbel got the oysters, and up stairs we went to the principal part of the market. At the top of the stair I was recognized by Kate Lugworm, who came to me with a face of importance, and in a half whisper said, 'I've gotten the *cats* the day for you, Mr. Combsbrush; there's just sax o' them; and the gudeman fought twa hours this mornin' before he could get them out o' the nets.—Ye'll no grudge n— a shillin the piece for them.'—'A shilling a piece for *sea cats*, Katherine; that is a great deal too much. I have often bought them for two pence.'—'Ah, but sir, ye ken they're no to be had every day, and they're very destructionfu' to the nets. I've gotten half a crown for them before now frae Mr. Wilson and Mr. Neill the Naturals o' the Vermin Society in the College for specimens. But come and see them, and I'm sure ye'll no grudge the siller.' I went to the *stand* accordingly, and saw the ugly animals, which, however hideous in appearance, I beg to recommend to lovers of good eating. 'See sic beauties,' said Katherine; 'a' loupin; every

ane o' them will be three pund weight, and there's nae cats in the market the day but my ain. I'm sure after their heads are cuttit aff they'll mak a dish for a lord.'—'As you have taken the trouble to offer them to me, Mrs. Katherine,' said I, 'you know I am at a word, I shall give you two shillings for the half dozen.'—

Our bargain was here interrupted by the arrival of a Frenchman, a little gentleman with 'spectacles on nose,' who, on surveying the fish on Katherine's table, exclaimed, 'Vat ugly devil! are dese poissons—fishes, dat is, I mane, goot voman?'—'Poison, Sir!—Na, they're nae mair poison than ony fish in the market:—them that eats paddocks need na be fear'd for sea-cats, I think.—But that cod's head ye're looking at, (for the Frenchman had fixed his eyes very knowingly upon this article,) I'll gie you very cheap—ye'll get it for saxpence.'—'Mon Dieu! a sixpence for dat head of cod; dat is trop cher, my goot voman, ver much too dear; but I vill for de head give twopence;—or if you give me dis tail along vid head, all in one bargain, den ver vell; I vill take for one penny more, dat is all.'—'Weel, weel, tak them, an nae mair about it. Whare's your cadie, or hae you a clout?'—'Stop un little, my goot voman,' said the Frenchman, spreading a dirty pocket handkerchief, which he drew from a ridicule in his hand; 'stop un little time, my mistress, till I put de fish in dis ridicule;' and having finished stuffing the mutilated fragments of the cod-fish into the little basket, he paid his three-pence and went away,—not, however, without turning back several times to look at the dog-fish, and muttering as he went along, 'Vat ugly devil, dat poisson, ugly devil certainement.'

'Now that man's awa, I'll tell you Mr. Combsbrush, ye's get the cats for three shillings,' said Katharine, 'and I'll gie you half a dozen o' thae flukes to the bargain.'—'No, no,' replied I, 'that won't do, Katherine; I won't give more than two shillings—not one farthing.'—'Eh, I canna tak that, sir; but mak it saxpence mair, and they're yours—it'll aye be a dram to

me.'—'No, can't do it;' and I was proceeding along to another stall, as the only means of hastening the conclusion of the bargain. Mrs. Katherine allowed me to go so far, before calling me back, that I was more than half determined to return and take the fish at her own price, when her voice sounded like a bugle through the market, 'Hy, sir!—Hy, Mr. Combsbrush! ye're no gaun till leave me for a saxpence? Come here and tak the fish—we manna be ower hard.—Isbel, haud your basket.'—I returned again to the stall, having, as I conceived, gained my point; and Katherine was in the act of putting the cats in the basket upon the woman's shoulder, when I thought I perceived that she had changed the fish I saw on her table for smaller ones.—As this is a common trick in the market, I made no secret of my suspicions, and taxed her roundly for the imposition. 'You are ower auld farrent, ma bonnie man, I see; ye'll scarcely let poor folk live now-a-days;' and upon my insisting for others, she produced out of a creel, where were some dozens of the same animals, the identical fish which she had exhibited on her table when I first accosted her.

Blind Isbel and I now proceeded to a stall opposite, where haddocks were the chief fish exposed to sale. A lady was at this time cheapening a few of them. 'I'll gie you a dizzen o' nice anes for twa shillings, mem.'—'Two shillings!' replied the lady; 'I would give you a shilling for them, provided they were new caught, but they don't, I think, seem very fresh.'—'Fresh, mem! they were ta'en out o' the sea this mornin'; ye surely dinna ken caller fish when ye see them. Look at that,' said she, putting a slimy thumb in the opening of the gills, to shew their untarnished redness. The fish, notwithstanding the honest woman's asseverations, had certainly been kept a day or two, and were not just such haddocks as a connoisseur would have purchased. The lady looked doubtfully for a moment, and then having made up her mind, shook her head, and removed to another stall. My friend the fishwife, as she was retiring, began a



soliloquy, in which, (like many of my friends in the theatre when speaking aside,) she said, loud enough to be heard by the lady, 'Stinkin' fish!—go, that's a gude ane. I wish ye may be as caller yoursel.—Stinkin' haddies!—lingle-tail'd jade, for a' your silks!—No fresh!—clap a kail-blade to your ain end, ma leddy!—'You are in a monstrous passion to-day, Nelly,' said I; 'what's the matter?'—'Naething at a' sir, but for folk comin' to the market that disna ken fish when they see them. They had better be playing their pianos at hame. I like best to deal wi' gentlemen. Come, see what ye're for the day, and I'll mak ye right:—are ye for a rawn fluke, or a nice maiden skate?—See what a beauty, I'm sure this ane's just a medicine. If ye want it ye'll get it for a shilling; I'm sure ye canna ca' that dear.'—'I'll give you sixpence for the skate,' said I.—'Saxpence!—do you think I steal them? Thae's no fish ye're buyin—thae's men's lives! Saxpence for the haill skate,—the broo o't will do ye a crown's worth o' gude. But ye'll maybe be wantin something mair, sae just tak it. I havena drawn a saxpence the day yet. Will ye no tak that turbot?'

'If ye're for a turbot, come to me,' said a laughing-faced woman at the next stall, 'and ye'll get your pick o' sax.' The choice of six turbot was not to be neglected, and I stept on a few paces. 'Ay, ay, gang your wa's,—she likes gentlemen, and can sell ye something else if ye want it.'—'Haud your ill-tongue, Tibby,—there's naebody fashin wi' you;—your tongue's nae scandal; a' body kens that,' answered Jenny Flukemouth. 'Truth's nae scandal,' replied Tibby; 'I was never caught at the back o' the houses as ye was, wi' Johnny Crabshell, anither woman's man; that's nae secret. Fy, for shame, ye light-headed taupy; ca' me a liar for that if ye dare,' said Tibby, challenging contradiction, and setting her arms akimbo, while her elbows and head were projected in defiance. 'I'm no ca'in you ony thing that ye're no kent to be, ye randy woman that ye are. I never was carried hame in a cart frae the Fishwife's Causeway fu'; nor fell ower my ain creel at Jock's

Lodge, as some ither folk hae done, mind that,' said Jenny, cresting her head, and looking a triumph. And then addressing me said, 'See sic turbot, sir; I sell'd Bailie Mucklekite the neighbour o' this ane, for half-a-guinea, no a quarter o' an hour ago.' Tibby was pluck, however, and had determined not to give up the contest. Coming close up to her younger antagonist, in the attitude above described, and putting her very red weather-beaten face so close to Jenny's that their noses almost touched, she broke out like a torrent, 'Did ye say I was fou, ye limmer?—will ye tell me that again to my face, and I'll ring the mutch aff your head, ye—ye—impudence that you are.'—'What I have said I'll no unsay for you: gang and mind your ain stand, and no mak a noise here,' said Jenny, with more command of temper. But Tibby, who seemed determined to provoke a quarrel, and whose fingers appeared only to want a reasonable excuse to fly at the head-dress of her antagonist, urged the dispute with increasing energy of speed. 'De'il be in ma feet gin I stir a step till I mak ye eat back your words, ye liein besom. Me fou!—whan was I seen fou, ye light-headed hizzie?—tell me that again if ye dare.'—'Gang awa, and no provoke me,' said Jenny, pushing her gently aside by the shoulders; 'let's sell our fish first, and flyte after.' Tibby's wrath needed only this last attempt to raise it to the utmost pitch. 'Ye'll offer to shoot me, ye little-worth quean!—ye'll offer to lift your hand to ane that might be your mither!'—and she flew with open talons at the chequered handkerchief which, tied under the chin, forms the characteristic head-dress of the ladies of the Fish-market, and tore it off in an instant. Jenny, to recover her head appurtenance, instantly flew at the offender, and a struggle ensued, in which Jenny's strength seemed more than an overmatch for Tibby's modes of defence. Tibby retreated backwards, keeping her hold, and Jenny followed with dishevelled hair, both struggling till Mrs. Tibby reached the verge of a large tub full of dirty water, used in cleaning fish; and fishwomen no more than others being provided with eyes

at their backs, she tumbled fairly into the tub, and Jenny above her.

The immense package of petticoats increasing her naturally not over-small shape, and the weight of her antagonist's person, pressed Tibby so closely into the tub, that she was as incapable of motion as if she had formed an integral part of it. Jenny now recovered her head-deckings, and having hastily adjusted them, came back to the sale of the turbot, amidst cries from her companions of "Weel done, Jenny!—weel done, my woman!—gie the ill-tongued jade a good sousing in her ain dirty water. Every body has their failings, and ye're nae waur than anither."—"That randy's put me a' throughhither," said she to me, "and no to keep you langer waiting, ye sall get the choice of the turbots for eight shillings, sir,"—"No, Jenny, I'll give no more than seven,—not a penny more

will I give, and I must have a lobster to the bargain—I'll rather take my chance of going round the market."—"Hoot, you'll surely mak it eight. See to that lobster, look at the rawn, its worth half-a-crown itself—but I'm out o' breath wi' that outrageous woman," said Jenny.—"Only seven for the whole, Jenny, take or want."—"Weel, I'll just take your bode; but mind ye're awin me a shilling," said she putting the turbot and lobster into blind Isbel's basket. I now retreated from the scene of contest. Tibby, being relieved from her unpleasant situation with no small difficulty, by the assistance of two of her companions, was shaking her dripping vestments, and threatening vengeance. "I'll mind you, my woman, whan we get to Fisheraw; ye're no done wi' this yet; I'll learn ye till use a woman that might be your mither in sic a way as this."

#### THE KING IN IRELAND.

Sir,

(New Monthly Magazine.)

THE reception which the King has experienced in Ireland having created some curious speculations on both sides of the Channel, perhaps you would excuse a few remarks upon the subject, from one not altogether *mystified* by its exaggerations. That there was much of loyalty in the abstract, and much of sincere affection for the visitor personally, there can be no doubt; but that much of what appeared enthusiasm arose entirely from the workings of interest there is in my mind just as little. Before I advert more particularly to the immediate subject of this notice, some short retrospect is necessary, as well to shew why a British king, landing *as a friend* in Ireland, should have been in the native phrase "heartily welcome," as why that welcome should more particularly wait upon the reigning monarch.

Henry the Second was the first royal visitor of Ireland. Perhaps, until the present day, for *visitor* we should read *invader*. Invited over by the distress of one prince to punish the adulteries of another, he made the weakness of the first and the vices of the last the convenient threshold to his own ambi-

tion. With, for that day, an imposing power, and an hypocrisy not less imposing, he marched onward from Waterford to Cashel, amid affected submission and extorted homage, and at last, in full assembly in the latter city, pleaded the authority of the infallible Adrian for his personal usurpation of the kingdom! The Irish, even then, priest-ridden, and pope-led as they were, had still some jealousy of ecclesiastical interference in their temporal concerns, and Adrian's bull met as little respect from the "Royal Roderic" of that day as Quarantotti's rescript did in our own time from the radicals of the Catholic convention. Thus was Henry, with the bull in one hand and the sword in other, obliged alternately to swindle his way through the country, until at last the Shannon waters and the wastes of Connaught obliged him to make Dublin, for the first time, the winter residence of a British monarch. There, surrounded by fanatics and impostors, whom he bribed to his purposes by the plunder of the people, he spent his Christmas, praying with priests and revelling with savages, and returned to England to mature his frauds upon the



hollow allegiance which he left behind him. The throat of Irish patriotism is hoarse lauding the princely grandeur, and lamenting the feudal magnificence upon which Henry intruded; and yet, strange to say, even in the proud metropolis of Milesian legitimacy, the "red branch knights" could afford him no better refuge against the snows of winter than "a mud edifice," made of twigs and briers rudely huddled together! After this authenticated fact, we should be little surprised if the Irish legitimates—the genuine "O'Conors Don" of the twelfth century, disputed with Nebuchadnezzar the monopoly of *running at grass*, at least during the dog-days. The next visit was that of John, of Magna Charter memory. He staid three months in Ireland, during which time it was not stained by any military outrage. He was employed, however, in parcelling out those king's lands which the rapacity of his predecessors had usurped, and the boundaries which he established shew, that even then his regal dominion was both limited and uncertain. For many subsequent ages the British monarchs were too much occupied at home to afflict Ireland, otherwise than by deputed persecution; and her fields were alternately scorched and crimsoned, and depopulated, without even the consolation of a royal presence. At length, however, she received the master-pestilence. With the impiety of a bigot and the despotism of a republican, Cromwell came—came to fire the castle with the embers of the church, and quench the altar's flame in the blood of its adorers.

In August, 1650, he landed with a considerable military force in Dublin, and in a fortnight after commenced in the town of Drogheda a most frightful series of massacre and conflagration. War went before and famine followed him;—his whole march might easily be tracked by its wake of extermination. With that blasphemous mixture of fanaticism and murder, which peculiarised the career of that bible-mouthed cut-throat, he persuaded his followers that they should model their treatment of the natives on that adopted towards the Canaanites in the time of Joshua!

The devil quoted Scripture to his purpose; and indeed such a purpose was easily inculcated on such a fraternity. The ruthless system scarcely left, in three-fourths of Ireland, a solitary native to record and curse the inhumanity of his usurpation. All who professed the religion of their ancestors were driven into the wilds of Connaught, and a proclamation was issued, stating, that if after a certain day, any Irish Catholic, man, woman, or child, should be found in any other part of the kingdom, they might be legally put to death, without either charge or trial! This proclamation, involving, as it did, confiscation and banishment, was denominated by the usurper *an act of grace*, because it was his reluctant substitute for a previous plan of universal extermination. At the end of nearly four centuries Cromwell's progress is still discernible by the ruins it created. Yet strange to say, his successor and locum tenens, Ludlow, found but little advantage from the extirpations of his master—though he left almost a solitude, still it was not peace. Of Cromwell's progress there were also some living land-marks, which one would have supposed the gratitude of Charles the Second would have obliterated. But gratitude was not the characteristic virtue of the Stuarts. The confiscation grant survived the donor—it flourished in all its vigour after the Restoration, and Cromwell's brigands have now risen into noble families, bloated by the forfeitures of not only disregarded but spoliated loyalty. Notwithstanding this, when fortune once more declared for the Stuarts, James the Second was received by the Irish as the prince of a people upon whom adversity only created an additional calamity. This was the first British king who did not approach them in all the pride and insolence of conquest. He came as a fugitive, and a fugitive he left them, having clearly established that it was his natural character. A bigot in religion, and a tyrant in power, he proved himself a calumniator in safety. After having betrayed the faithful, and abandoned the brave, he fled to France, and slandered at Versailles those whom he had deserted at

the Boyne; too dastardly to share their death, he excused his cowardice by assassinating their memories. Even in Ireland's "highest noon" of indignation, however, there is something humorous, as there is sometimes a mixture of bitterness in her jocularities,—her revenge on the tourist Twiss will not easily be forgotten; and she has given James a Milesian cognomen very likely to rival that of Jefferies in the nostrils of posterity. In her orator's words there certainly is not "a sweetness in the odour of his memory." His conqueror, William, remained behind in Ireland, to blight a hero's laurels and a statesman's wisdom with the crimes of vengeance. She felt again, that though friendship could not restore, hostility could ruin, and William added largely to the confiscations which Charles's ingratitude had suffered to remain. With him departed the royal visitor of Ireland up to the present day. Happy for the country if with him could have departed also the humiliation of defeat and the insolence of triumph. They have lived at least up to the memorable twelfth of August—*dies creta notandus*, if upon it their epitaph has been written; but I fear her fields are still too furrowed to afford space smooth enough for the inscription.

Such were the specimens which Ireland had, before the present reign of royal visitations; and it is little to be wondered at if she received the novelty of a monarch's friendship with something of even more than enthusiasm. There was much, however, of personal affection in the welcome, and, as far as regarded the King, it was altogether free from any taint of inconsistency. George the Fourth was always a favourite with the Irish. Whether it resulted from his long exclusion from power which attracted the sympathies of a people who thought they unjustly participated in that exclusion, or from those early whims and gaieties which were not either entirely without their sympathies, or from that mixture of hope and hatred with which an oppressed people turn from the possessor to the heir;—whether it was from any of those feelings, or from an union of them all, cer-

tain it is the present monarch has long received rather a devotion of the heart, than an allegiance from the lips of Ireland. She evinced this often, but more especially on a most momentous occasion—I allude to the period of the late King's first unfortunate mental aberration. At that time it will be recollected with what violence the Whig and Tory parties disputed on the subject of the Regency. The genius of Mr. Pitt ruled the ascendant in this country; but Mr. Grattan, at the head of the popular party in Ireland, counterbalanced his triumph, and called upon the Prince, *by address*, to assume the reins of government. The King happily recovered just as it was presented, but the Prince, by his answer, pledged his eternal gratitude to the Irish people. From that moment, it is said, Mr. Pitt, exasperated and perhaps alarmed at this clashing of the legislatures, determined on their amalgamation. If this be true, surely the country which lost her parliament through an affection for his Majesty, has a peculiar claim on him, for at least the compensation of an occasional visit. He seems to have so felt it; and, to do him justice, he has acknowledged it, while the mark of the crown was still fresh upon his forehead. Indeed of this personal sentiment he had given an early proof by the selection of his more intimate companions. Burke and Sheridan were the lights of his youth; Lord Moira the companion of his manhood; Londonderry and Wellington are the elect of his cabinet, and to those offices in which perhaps confidence is most necessary and most unequivocally expressed, Sir Benjamin Bloomfield has succeeded to General Macmahon. This favouritism, it may be supposed, was felt through their respective families in the sister kingdom. As a proof of this, I need only mention that the high office of Master of the Rolls is filled, and to say the truth, very satisfactorily, by a brother of the latter gentleman. That Ireland felt and returned these demonstrations requires no further proof than her conduct upon a late melancholy occasion. When England and many parts of Scotland testified their partizanship by he eternal addresses which almost wore



the threshold of Brandenburg-house, Ireland remained not only passive but indifferent. One solitary address from a few radicals at Belfast rather insulted than consoled the Queen by the suspicious peculiarity of its homage.

Such was the relative situation of Ireland and the King at the time he determined upon his personal excursion. It was a determination hazardous in the extreme, and required much delicacy in its execution. Never, perhaps did man enter into an atmosphere of more discordant elements; he not only trod on embers, but walked amid lightnings—like the explorer of a volcano it was impossible to say at what moment the mere pressure of his foot might have raised a flame around him. Happily his appearance reconciled, at least temporarily, the contending factions. Whether that coalition is to be more than temporary, whether the golden age of unanimity and concord is likely to continue and produce those results which Irish ardour pictures to itself in prospect, perhaps a review of those factions, as they exist, will be more likely to decide than any visionary speculation. For myself I have no hesitation in saying, I more than doubt either the permanency or the sincerity of that coalition, and I doubt it still more from contemplating the indiscriminate blandishments which it so suddenly squandered, not only upon the King but upon every one of the *dramatis personæ* who stooped to solicit it. If it was indeed sincere, I have only to say that Ireland is the very cradle of forgiveness, or that public virtue is nothing but a shadow. The least numerous, but perhaps the most opulent and powerful, is the ORANGE PARTY—a relic of *the pale*, re-baptized at the revolution. This is composed of friendly brother, and occasionally of Masonic societies, with a thick sprinkling of Tory peers, absentee agents, village drunkards, and corporation expectants. At the head of this decidedly is Abraham, now Sir Abraham Bradley King, who added to the profit of being crown-stationer, the dignity of having been twice Lord Mayor of Dublin. The warwhoop, or rather the password of this party, is “No Popery.” They consider the Pope as

the incarnation of all evil, and his adherents as so many attendant dæmons, who are ever warmed by the original principle, no matter how distant may be the orbit in which they circle round it. This is innate bigotry in some, mere pretence in others, affected for the purposes of interest; in all, however, it is the essence of their creed—the bond of their union—the *sine qua non* of their loyal fraternity. They may transfer to their porch the motto which adorned the gate of one of their chosen cities, the genius which fabricated its rhyme, consorting well with the Christianity which propagated its principle—

“Jew, Turk, or Atheist  
may enter here,  
But not a Papist.”

At the Revolution this body, though not created, was regenerated. It had, in some degree, existed since *the pale*. It was an association *extra* the indigenous Irish, formed at first for the purposes of defence, and cemented afterwards by forfeiture and confiscations. During the period to which I have referred it took its new and religious, or rather bigoted, character; still opposed to the native population it joined King William against the Stuarts, abjured James, “*Pope and popery, wooden shoes and brass money*,” as their standing toast expresses it, and borrowed from the Dutch lily an emblem and designation. This party is diffused throughout the country in select associations, but the north is their grand scene of rendezvous: they have their lodges, their meetings, their signs and secrets—they are stedfast in their principles both of friendship and hostility, and so rooted in their tenets that they have been accused of holding even a conditional allegiance. Be this as it may, however, they have hitherto had no reason to complain of royal disregard. During the late reign they were almost the monopolists of office, and of course Mr. Pitt and the Pope constituted the antipodes of their political world. Since the last Irish rebellion the gradual pacification of the interior has in a great measure contracted their operations. But their zeal, though sleeping, is not dead. The only difference is, that the 12th of July, their

grand anniversary, in place of exhibiting the Orange pageant and the armed procession, is now merely closed by them in copious libations, during which "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the *great* King William"—(I believe, in despite of Glenco, they sometimes add the "*good*") floats in whiskey-punch triumphant above their own. It was difficult for such a party, formed on such principles, cordially to hail a monarch who had once warmed in his bosom Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, the three great foster-fathers of Catholic emancipation; but their minds had long associated the sounds of *king* and *office*,—if prejudice was strong, place was stronger, and perhaps they compromised with their consciences by fancying that the experience which selected Sidmouth and Liverpool atoned for the youthful indiscretion which squandered a smile upon the imps of popery. Thus perplexed, with William in their hearts and George on their lips, they startled the hill of Howth with their jubilate upon the 12th of August, and scarcely credited their ears when they heard the echo of their loyal chorus, and found it was—*Doctor Troy!* The Cerberus of Orangeism, however, has had its sop, and Abraham Bradley King is now a baronet of Great Britain.

Another party, which cheered the King with equal ardour, because with more of hope though less of possession, was the party of Lord Fingal—in other words, *the Roman Catholic aristocracy*. Proud and poor, the ages which diminished their incomes gave dignity to their birth, and the loss of an estate was more than counterbalanced by the addition of an ancestor. While the Penal Code was unrepealed, or rather unmitigated, these men sought a bitter consolation in *looking backwards*—they caught a kind of disturbed comfort in contemplating the shadowy glories of their forefathers. The policy of the late reign, however, by lessening the mound between them and power, induced them to *look forward*; and so inviting was even the prospect of the land of promise, that it is believed this party would have regenerated themselves into Orangemen long ago,

had it not been for the sulky reaction which religious persecution uniformly produces. By degrees it has become considerable—it was always respectable. When the penal enactments were so far relaxed as to permit the purchase of estates and the acquisition of knowledge, the Catholics participated both in profession and property, and the educated naturally joined the aristocracy of their creed. I say naturally; the rich Catholic looked to parliament—the professional Catholic looked to office—and they both of course attached themselves to those whose religious scruples interfered least with their temporal prospects. Yet this party are now, nevertheless, devoutly rigid in their faith;—intolerance has rooted what conciliation might have eradicated: their moderation, verging as it now does almost upon servility, is assumed for the purposes of ambition, and those purposes once obtained, Catholic prosperity will not fail to exact full indemnity for Catholic degradation. With these sentiments, it is little to be wondered at that they were not the most lingering or the least loud amid the worshippers at Howth;—they shouted welcome till the very echoes became hoarse, and almost fancied themselves in St. Stephen's Chapel, when they saw Lord Fingal in the collar of St. Patrick. The compliment conferred, however, upon this heterodox nobleman was certainly well merited: he was always remarkable for a moderate demeanour, and in perilous times gave many proofs of the most steadfast loyalty. As a Catholic his aggrandizement has been considered complimentary by all of that body who have any consideration, and perhaps he was of the entire sect the only person upon whom a favour conferred was not likely to exasperate the Protestants.

Opposed to this party—opposed to the Orange party—opposed to every party which either seeks power, respects power, or possesses power, is the popular faction—that is *the faction of the Irish Catholic radicals*. At the head of this is to be found, whoever happens to be the ephemeral favourite of the day—in other words, the man



who combines most talent and most turbulence with the least principle. Its ranks are recruited by all whom poverty makes desperate, or nature discontented, or laziness seditious. Yelling for toleration, they are the most inveterate bigots,—declaiming against slavery, they are the most remorseless tyrants. They are the most numerous, and the most dangerous faction in the country; for they are willing instruments in the hands of any one, whose perverted ambition confounds notoriety with fame, and who is unprincipled enough to throw society into a ferment, that he and his scum may float upon the surface. There is nothing which they dread so much as those concessions which they make the pretence for their mischievous activity; because, once granted, their “occupation” ceases. Hence, whenever the genius of Grattan (who was alternately the god of their idolatry and the dæmon of their hate) appeared likely to achieve the prayer of their petitions, they uniformly started some objection to his details, and gave his opponents an irresistible weapon in their boisterous, but affected, indignation. Even during the last session, when his political antagonists were struck mute by the magnificence of Mr. Plunket’s advocacy, they raised their horrid din, and burst, with their uplifted fetters, on his domestic calamity. Indeed this heartless ingratitude, ever more or less a characteristic of the mob, never flourished with more poisonous vigour than in the faction I am describing; because, in addition to its native virus, it has the taint of bigotry. Thus, if they meet a young man, warm from the contemplation of ancient liberty, or a matured man, whose simplicity subdues suspicion, by every artifice and every fraud, by servility, by adulation, by promises and chimeras, they seduce him into their den; and when his powers are exhausted, they invariably discover either that he is a protestant, and not sincere, or *only a liberal*, and so not to be trusted. A better instance of this heartless ingratitude cannot be selected than the late Mr. Curran: for many years he was almost their idol, and in 1798 they shouted

his fearless and confiding spirit to the very verge of the scaffold:—he dared power—he defied danger—he lavished health and prospects in their cause, and poured upon their darkness and their discomfiture the full blaze of his resplendent intellect. But in his age they discovered he could be no longer serviceable, and they affected to deride the judgment, which naturally revolted at their impolitic and radical denunciations of all orders in the state from the King downwards. Invective soon followed desertion, and the most gifted and consistent patriot Ireland ever possessed, was driven from the land, for whose glory he would have died amid the most cruel, groundless, and ungrateful calumnies. His noble heart felt this treatment deeply, but still the consciousness of integrity consoled it, and in an unpublished letter, one of the last he wrote, he foretels, (oh vain prophecy!) that in the grave his country would do him justice—*Extinctus amabitur idem*. Alas, poor Curran! how little did he think that even for that grave he should be indebted to England, while the hollow blusterers of his native land were weeping away their “Irish hearts” over *the failure of a half-crown subscription for his bust!* But happy is he that his resting place was distant—it did not reverberate the apostate shout which cheered the destroyers of Ireland’s independence.

Attached to this faction, in a great degree, is the Catholic priesthood—not as participating in their political opinions, but as looking up to them for the continuance of a spiritual despotism. The priesthood and this party depend mutually on each other. The priest possesses an unlimited dominion over his flock, which it has been the invariable policy of every projected relief-bill to undermine—the “leader” makes such clause the, at least, nominal motive for his dissent; talks of his holy Church and his unbroken hierarchy; and calls upon the clergy to unfurl the “oriflame,” beneath which he invokes the double crown of a patriot and a martyr! The call echoes through the “holy of holies;” the man of God and the man of the people loudly reciprocate the most nauseous adulation—

while the first is only struggling for his saintly despotism, and the last for that bad and frail ascendancy which has been raised by the storm, and must sink at its subsiding. It is amusing enough, to one who is in the secret, to read the eulogiums of the Catholic leader upon his ecclesiastical co-partner. They are in the finest strain of Hibernian hyperbole. According to them, he has all the simplicity of a saint, the fortitude of a martyr, the temperance of an anchorite, and the self-devotion of an apostle! Job's patience, Solomon's wisdom, David's inspiration, Paul's eloquence, and Peter's orthodoxy, combine in the titular descendants of Saint Patrick, according to the rank of a Popish radical. If they do, however, most assuredly, in the phrase of a learned professor of chemistry in Dublin, "they *mutually devour* one another." The truth is, the Irish priesthood of the present day is divided into two classes; those who graduated in the Continental nurseries, and those to whom the policy of later times has given a domestic education at Maynooth. The latter are by no means an improvement. Gloomy, fanatic, and intolerant, they have all the pride, without the learning, of the cloister—the pedantry of the schools contracts their understanding, and the discipline of the Church formalizes their manners. They are, however, certainly zealous in their vocation, and their dictatorial solemnity sustains the rank which a kindred vulgarity might otherwise diminish in the minds of their congregation. The old school, of whom, however, but few now remain, were equally zealous, and much less repulsive. A foreign education sweetened their brogue and softened their manners, and gave them an air of the world unimagined even by their successors. It was from this class of the priesthood that the dramatist borrowed the character of *Father Luke*, and most faithfully has he adhered to his original. Social, but mysterious—convivial, but authoritative—and per-

fectly impartial where his interests are not concerned, he still rigidly supports his spiritual ascendancy, and to this he makes, by a sort of prescription, every thing temporal pay tribute. The dairy and the barn-door furnish his table; the hen-roost makes his breakfast an *ovation*; and the produce of the mountain still pays willing duty to his reverence's cellar. But, notwithstanding all this, even in his liveliest "*jobations*," he never for a moment forgets the secret of his supremacy. Whether over the "brown jug" negotiating a marriage, or in his black satin breeches and bright top-boots, waddling forth to hold the village "station," every turn seems to announce to the conceding crowd, "you know I'm *your priest*, and *your conscience is mine*,"—an intimation never either denied or doubted. His very horse (and he requires a good one) shares his master's sleekness—shining under the potentate of modern Rome, he need not envy even the consular dignities which its ancient liberality destined for his ancestor. It is not to be wondered at that this body, at present actually despotic in their parishes, should loudly declaim against any emancipatory innovation in any way affecting their authority. They do accordingly, and with all their lungs; but they are, of course, too cunning to place it on any ground of individual interest—quite the contrary. They resort to the first ages of the Church, invoke their holy saints and fathers, supplicate, in preference, the penal re-enactments, refer to their "unbroken hierarchy," their mountain-vigils, their bog-masses, their unknown fasts, and invoke the pains of martyrdom,

"Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel," rather than so heathenish and impious an emancipation. The poor peasant, alarmed at dangers which he does not understand, and proud of the submission which is the purchase of heaven, echoes his pastor with an accordant howl, which is instantly reverberated by the radical leader in the name of



the true church and the majesty of the people ! This faction, the reader must see, however contemptible in their individual capacities, are yet most formidable in the aggregate. Agitation is the element in which they thrive, and they are perpetually on the watch for grievances ;—like sea-birds in a storm, they see them in the wind, and try to outshriek its roaring. However, with the selfishness of the priesthood, and the ignorance of the people for their instruments, they can never be at a loss to excite the country, so long as civil discontent and religious bigotry will ferment together. To this party the King paid no particular attention, though by every ostentation of loyalty, and in every key of vociferous servility, they incessantly implored it. The King has the reputation of much natural sagacity, and doubtless appreciated those new-born professions at their proper value ; but the slight has sunk barbed into the nature that never forgives, where it will fester and rankle until time shall give its poison an opportunity of being infectious. It gives one, however, but a poor opinion of humanity to see the very same persons who, without having done her any service, persecuted the Queen for her official favours, bellowing, before her corpse was cold, in the train of her antagonists.

Such were the parties who alternately misgoverned and disturbed Ireland at the moment of his Majesty's arrival ; and it requires but little skill to foresee that their suspension of hostilities, or rather their sudden and miraculous unanimity, is not to be calculated on for any great duration. The interests of some, and the personal affection of others, for the King, produced the demonstration ; but it is at best only the "*mala sarta amicitia*." If a stranger to Ireland requires any proof of this, he will find it in the hollow and heartless acclamations which have hailed the arrival of some of the King's attendants. If there ever was a measure which before temporarily united the opposing factions, it was the measure of the UNION. They poured upon it their unanimous execration, denounced it as a calamity which laid their inde-

pendence in the dust, and through each succeeding year have held it up as the bane of their prosperity, and the annihilation of their name. And yet, in twenty years after it passed—even in that very city which it had chiefly prostrated, whose mansions it had untenanted, whose merchants it had impoverished, whose streets it had depopulated, and whose splendour, as the seat of legislation, it had eclipsed for ever—even there, the reviled author of that measure was so hailed by the plaudits of radical consistency, that if he did not altogether supersede the Sovereign, he may, at least, now with truth exclaim—

"*Divisum imperium cum Jove—habui !—*"

However, Sir, even confiding in, which I do not, the superlative raptures which have arisen from the royal visit, it appears to me impossible that all their prospective visions can be realized. Ireland may have been flattered by the King's attention, but the King cannot have been informed by such a journey. It is not amid the parade of a triumphal entry, or at corporation shows and college dinners, that the wants and interests of such a country are to be learned. Dublin, all beauty without, and all poverty within—like the statue in Lucian, with its polished surface of Parian splendour and its interior filled with rags and wretchedness, is but a deceitful specimen of the state of Ireland, particularly when she is blazing in the transient rays of an imported Court, and peopled with the train of foreign ambassadors. To know Ireland, the monarch should have gone unattended through its provinces—he should have seen its "deserted villages"—its roofless manufactories—its shipless harbours—its ragged, dispirited, discouraged peasantry, surrendering to the agent of some absentee landlord the worthless pittance which the tithe-proctor had spared, and taking refuge from thought in eternal intoxication ;—he should have seen the adverse bigots, waging their impious battle over the polluted altars of a common faith—he should have gone into the crowded prisons and into the continual barracks, and cursed the instruments, and wept over

the victims of coercion—he should have asked whether the stations under him, from the highest to the lowest, were distributed according to merit, or interest, or corruption—he should have inquired why it was, that all the names of which the country can be proud—the Burkes, the Goldsmiths, the Moores, with a long train of etceteras in arts, and arms, and politics, have been obliged to migrate into distant lands, leaving the honours and emoluments of their own to those who have less spirit and more subserviency. He

should have done this to know even something of Ireland—and, when all this knowledge was acquired, amply sufficient would then remain behind to satisfy curiosity during the next promised triennial visitation. If the royal affection for Ireland is as sincere as it appears to be, and indeed there can be no reason to doubt it, these inquiries once acted on would produce to the country results the most beneficial, and to the King himself reflections the most delightful.—*New Mon. Mag. Oct.*

## Voyages, &c.

(Literary Gazette.)

### VOYAGES IN THE NORTHERN PACIFIC, &c. &c.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

*Cape Edgecombe ; Navigation.—The precautions of the Russians to prevent Trade. Return to the Columbia.—Trading Expedition along shore to the Southward.—Natives near Cape Orford—The Coast to the south.—Port Trinidad ; the Natives there ; Misunderstanding ; Traffic ; Decorum of the Females ; their Dress ; extraordinary Tattooing of the Tongue, &c. ; Massacre of a Spanish Crew ; Character of the People ; Difficulties in getting out the Vessel.—Arrive at Bodago Bay.—The Russians and Natives.—Account of the Russian Settlement on the New Albion.—Prodigious Vegetation.*

**C**APE Edgecombe is in latitude  $57^{\circ} 2'$  north, and longitude  $135^{\circ} 34'$  and is a remarkably high bluff cape, with a mountain just above it, called Mount Edgecombe, from which it takes its name. It has been a burning mountain, and is quite flat on the top, which is constantly covered with snow. Ships bound to this sound from the southward, and coming in by point Woodhouse, which is the south point of the sound, must not approach nearer the point than three miles, as there is a sunken rock on which the sea sometimes breaks, and is very dangerous ; the course from here to the light-house is north, which will take you clear from all dangers. The Russians never keep a light in the light-house unless they see a ship in the offing before dark. The sound is full of islands, and on the south side there are some hot

springs. The gun-boats are continually going round it to protect the hunters and fishermen ; to carry in any canoes they may find with furs, and make prisoners of the men till they are ransomed by their friends. Whenever we arrived or sailed, we had several of the Russian boats about us to prevent the Indians from coming off to trade ; but sometimes in the night they contrived to elude their vigilance, and get on board to traffic with us. We had variable winds and bad weather all the passage to the river, where we at length arrived June 12, 1817, and came to under the fort in our old birth, sent the islanders on shore, and commenced landing our cargo. July 12, after as usual, completing our wood and water, we took some goods on board for the southward, and sailed to see what we could do in the way of trade with the Indians on New Albion. The American brig *Alexander* arrived here from America with stores for the settlement. She took on board the furs for Canton, and ran out of the river in company with us. We parted outside ; they stood to the northward and we to the southward along shore. On the 14th we saw Cape Orford bearing S. E. seven leagues ; the nearest land two miles, latitude  $43^{\circ}$  north ; observed many smokes on shore. About noon several canoes came off within hail of



the ship; we waved to them to come closer, which they did, displaying green boughs and bunches of white feathers; they stopped paddling, and one man, whom we took to be a chief, stood up and made a long speech, which we did not understand. We then waved a white flag, and they immediately pulled for the ship, singing all the way. When they came along side we gave them a rope, and made signs for them to come on board, which nothing could induce them to do; they seemed quite terrified, and after handing some land-furs on board, for which we gave them beads and knives, they seemed well pleased, and made signs that if we came nearer the shore, they would bring us plenty. They also brought some berries, fish, and handsome baskets for sale. These men were tall and well-formed, their garments made of dressed deer-skins, with a small round hat, in shape of a buskin, that fitted close round the head; none of the women made their appearance. Their canoes do not seem to be so well constructed as the canoes in the Columbia, which cannot be occasioned by want of material, as the country appears to be well wooded. We observed a bay which looked well sheltered from the N. W. winds. About four o'clock the natives left the ship singing, and, when they got to a certain distance, made another long speech.

Next morning we ran in, and lay to off an Indian village, to the southward of Cape Orford; saw many natives on the shore, but it blew too hard for them to launch their canoes: we intended to have anchored here, there being, apparently, a snug, well-sheltered bay, from all but the S. W., but it was too rough to send the boat from the ship to sound it; we therefore filled and run along shore, at the distance of three miles. The land had a very fine appearance, the hills well wooded, and the plains covered with Indian huts. Towards night, the gale increased so much, that we were obliged to haul off under close reefed main top-sail and fore-topsail, and, before morning, had to lay to under bare poles. On the 24<sup>th</sup> a breeze sprung up, and we made sail for Port

Trinidad, in latitude  $41^{\circ} 3'$ , and longitude  $123^{\circ} 54'$  west; hauled into a small sandy bay, where we moored, sheltered from all winds, a few ships' lengths from the shore, in 9 fathoms sandy bottom. This bay is full of high rocks, which are always covered with birds, and round it are scattered many Indian villages. We had scarcely time to moor before we were surrounded with canoes; we triced our boarding nets up, and shut all our ports but one, at which the natives entered, keeping all the canoes on the starboard side; and, as the Indians came on board, we took their bows and daggers from them, at which they seemed much displeased. One man, (a chief) would not give up his dagger, and we pushed him back into his canoe; upon which he immediately strung his bow, and pointed an arrow at me, as being the most active in sending him out of the ship. In an instant he had several muskets pointed at him, upon seeing which, he lost no time in laying his bow down. Shortly after he came on board, and seemed sorry for what he had done, and made a present of a fine bow. Every thing being thus settled, we gave them some bread and molasses, of which they eat heartily. We then commenced trading, and got a few land-furs, which they brought off, for pieces of iron-hoop, cut into six-inch lengths. They also brought us plenty of red deer and berries. In the afternoon, some women made their appearance: the people offered them blankets and axes, but nothing could tempt them to come on board. This is the only place on the coast where we could not induce the females to visit the ship. It appears that these natives have not had much communication with Europeans, as they do not know the use of fire-arms; nor have they any iron among them. Their daggers are made of a sort of flint stone, and they are clothed in dressed leather apparel, prettily ornamented with shells. The women wear a very finely dressed leather petticoat, which reaches half way down the leg, and a square garment of the same thrown loosely over the shoulders.

Their tongues and chins are tattooed; the former is quite black, the latter in stripes. Whether this is considered a mark of beauty or not I cannot tell; but the women here are in general very handsome and well made. We saw a cross on shore fixed there by the Spaniards many years ago, when there was a Spanish launch driven on shore, and the Indians massacred the whole crew. The different tribes in this bay are always at war with each other; they never met on board, and if the tribe which was on board trading, saw another tribe approaching, they immediately went on shore to protect their wives and property. They all seem to be a brave, warlike people. Their canoes are by far the safest I ever saw on the coast, being from 16 to 20 feet long, and from 6 to 8 feet broad, square at both ends and flat bottomed. They have ridges inside about a foot apart, which look exactly like the timbers of a boat, and serve to strengthen them very much. The only words of this tongue we could pick up was, *I ai guai*, which is a term of friendship, and *chilese*, which means barter. When they speak they put the tongue to the roof of the mouth, and utter sounds as if their mouth were full. After having bought all the furs here, on the 24th of July we weighed anchor, and after encountering considerable difficulties, owing to the bad weather, succeeded in getting out. This was fortunate, as, had we gone on shore, (there not being the least shelter in this part of the bay,) the Indians were ready to receive and massacre us, for they are, without exception, the most savage tribes on all the coast.

Having stood out to sea, we deepened our water to 45 fathoms, when the wind died away, the sea setting us fast on to the shore; we had but one bower anchor and stream left, and, to crown all, it came on a thick fog. We spent a most anxious night, sounding from

40 to 20 fathoms. We could hear the sea break on the beach very distinctly; the order was given to stand by our best bower anchor, when it pleased God to send a fine breeze from the N. W. and deliver us from our dangerous situation. Next day, July 26, found our bowsprit sprung, and determined to run to Bodago-bay and fish it; stood along shore accordingly, and on the 28th got off the settlement, fired a gun, and several bodarkees came off bringing with them fresh pork and vegetables. The natives also visited us in their canoes, which are nothing more than several large bundles of rushes lashed together.

The Russian establishment on the coast of New Albion is in latitude 38° 30', about four leagues to the northward of this fine bay and harbour called Bodago, where they have a large store.\* Here their ships generally call and sometimes winter, there being no shelter for ships off the establishment. The reason for their having it so far from the harbour is the scarcity of timber, which is very necessary in the forming of a settlement, and where they now are, the country is covered with fine oak, ash, and pine timber, fit for ship building. They had on the stocks, and nearly fit for launching, a fine brig of 150 tons, built of good oak. They get excellent hemp on the coast of California, and make good rope. This settlement consists of about 100 houses and huts, with a small fort on the point, and about 500 inhabitants, Russians and Codiacks. The land is in the highest state of cultivation, growing excellent wheat, potatoes, hemp, and all kinds of vegetables; and the soil so rich as to produce (as already mentioned) two crops in the year. I have seen radishes that weighed from one pound to twenty-eight pounds, and much thicker than a stout man's thigh, and quite good all through, without being the least spongy. They have a

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\* The Russian American Company have, within these few weeks, as we learn by a letter from Petersburg, received news from their colonies in Sitka, that there were to the north of Behring's Straights, under 67° north latitude, several Russian families who had been cast on these parts by a storm more than a century ago. The company expects shortly to receive particular accounts respecting these descendants from shipwrecked Russians. Ed.



large stock of cattle, sheep, and pigs; and seem to be in the most flourishing condition under the direction of governor Kutzkoff. Hence hunters are sent down the coast of California for the purpose of taking the sea otter, which are very plentiful along the coast. The

colony also sends a vessel to Norfolk-sound once a year, with the furs collected, and with wheat and hemp. Norfolk-sound is the principal depot; from thence the furs are sent to Kamscatka.

## Varieties.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS, &c.

(English Magazines, October, 1821.)

**P**OPE said on the 10th of May, 1744,—“One of the things that I have always most wondered at is, that there should be any such thing as human vanity. If I had any, I had enough to mortify it a few days ago; for I lost my mind for a whole day.” This was on the previous Sunday, May 6.

On 15th,—“I am so certain of the soul’s being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me, as it were by intuition.” After having received the last Sacrament, he said, “There is nothing meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is but a part of virtue.” His death, on the 30th of May, 1744, in the evening, was so easy, that it was imperceptible to standers by.—*Spence.*

Garth and Swift have mentioned John Wesley with contempt, and Pope introduced him in the Dunciad in company with Watts. Both names were erased in the subsequent editions. Pope felt ashamed of having spoken injuriously of such a man as Dr. Watts, who was entitled to high respect for his talents, and to admiration for his innocent and holy life; and he had become intimate with Samuel Wesley the younger.—*Southey’s Wesley, II. p. 621.*

John Wesley in the middle of life married Mrs. Vizelle, a widow who had four children;—she personally vexed and ill-treated him; and at length, in his absence, seized on his journals, and many other papers, which were never restored, and departed, leaving word that she intended never to return. He simply states the fact in his journal, saying, that he knew not what the cause had been,—and he briefly adds, “*Non eam reliqui, non*

*dimisi, non revocabo*,—I did not forsake her, I did not dismiss her, I will not recall her.”

The term *Trinity* was first adopted in the 3d Century, although the principle of faith had commenced long before.

The practice of marrying by a *ring* for the female was adopted from the Romans;—the bride was modestly veiled, and after receiving the nuptial benediction was crowned with flowers.

The inverted *cibonum* or *cupola*, like that of St. Paul’s Cathedral, was originally copied from the shell containing the seeds of the *colocasia* or Egyptian bean; was used to cover holy shrines,—and since, to cover churches.

To complete a Moorish lady’s dress, she tinges her eye-lids with *alkahol*, the powder of lead ore; this is done by dipping a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill into the powder, and then drawing it through the eye-lids over the ball of the eye.—See Jeremiah iv. 30; “So did Jezebel (2 Kings xi. 30); she set off her eyes with the powder of lead ore.”—See Ezek. xxiii. 40. Dr. Shaw saw one of these bodkins as taken out of the catacombs at Sahara in Egypt.

Maundrel says, that Tripoli is composed of Tyre, Sidon, and Aradus, which stood very near to each other, and are encircled by this new city, whose name implies *three* cities or people.

The Egyptians wrote on linen, as appears by the bandages on their mummies, the cloth being first painted over. Moses may have written on such a cloth, not liable to crack when folded. Papyrus was not known till after the

building of Alexandria.—Parchment was adopted by Eumenes in the second Century before Christ. (*Harmer.*) Nearchus, who accompanied Alexander, found the Indians writing on linen or cotton cloth, and that their characters were beautiful.—*Arrian*, 717.

Dr. Campbell thought that the Greeks knew nothing of the Hebrews till after the Macedonian conquest nor of the Pentateuch and Hebrew writings till after the translation of the Septuagint.—*Essay on Miracles.*

The stories of the Dead Sea are all contradicted by Dr. Clarke ; for its salubrity, fish, shores, fertility, &c. he vouches. It has been mistaken for a lake of the same name near Babylon.

St. Jerom passed great part of his life at Bethlehem, of whom Erasmus said, "Quis docet apertius? quis delectat urbanus,—quis movet efficacius,—quis laudat candidus,—quis suadet gravius,—quis hortatur ardentius?"

In the highest luxury of imperial Rome, the price of admission to the Theatre (where any was paid) was no more than one eighth of an English penny!

During the time of our commonwealth, when the Established Church lost its authority and sanctity, it was customary for the banns of marriage to be proclaimed on three market days in Newgate Market, and afterwards the parties were married at the Church, and the Register states, that they were married at the place of meeting called the Church.—*See the Register of St. Andrew, Holborn, during those years.*

Cæsar's celebrated Letter to the Senate, *Veni, vidi, vici*, was written upon his victory over Pharnaces, after five days battle, A.U.C. 707.

Written under a whole-length portrait of Beau Nash at Bath, between two busts of Locke and Pope:

"This picture plac'd these busts between,  
Give Satire its whole strength,  
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,  
But Folly at full length."

Urbanity is an indigenous plant of England.

An able translator will do his best to be as just to his original, as the impression is to the seal.—*Middleton.*

A very philosophical writer having the misfortune of a wife of very unpleasant temper, was one day visited by a scholar of one of our Universities, when, in the midst of a deep discussion, they heard upon the staircase leading to his study door a violent quarrel between her and one of her servants, and in an instant she burst into the room, but instantly retreated on finding that her husband was engaged. The scholar started from his chair, and said to his friend, "What can be the cause of all this distress?" "Oh, sit down," said the philosopher very calmly, "I cannot discover the origin of evil!"

Rousseau is said to have carried an Ode to Voltaire for perusal, addressed to posterity; and pressed Voltaire for his free opinion of it. Voltaire having read it, said it contained some good lines, but regretted that those to whom it was addressed, would never read it.

In seeking superior aid in our troubles and anxieties, we seldom apply to the first cause, until we find secondary causes fail us; which marks our extreme ignorance and ingratitude.

Pekin is now the largest city in the world, and contains, according to Anderson, a space of nine miles every way.

W. Whiston counted the period of the end of the world to be 20 years from his own time, A. D. 1712; and yet (as it is said) asked 30 years purchase for an estate which he had to sell.

Rev. D. Mathias, Rector of St. Mary, Whitechapel, attended a poor woman who had been delivered of four male children at one birth; they all did well, and he baptized them—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John: and a similar fact had occurred to him before, when he held a curacy in Leicestershire.

In 1785, the conflicting principles between Lord Fitzgibbon and Mr. Curran broke forth into personal hostility. Fitzgibbon called Curran a puny babbler; and he retorted, by telling him that his argument was more like the paltry quibble of a lawyer than the reasoning of a statesman, and his language more like that of an Attorney Particular than Attorney General;—and then they went out like true Irish debaters, and finished the dispute by firing a brace of



pistols at each other,—but left the field, unlike Irish combatants, with sentiments of unabated hostility.—*Life of Curran. Ed. Rev. 1820.*

Dr. Franklin's Morning Prayer:—  
“O powerful Goodness, bountiful Father, merciful Guide! increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest, strengthen my resolution to perform what that wisdom dictates, accept my kind offices to thy other creatures as the only return in my power for thy continual favours to me?”

President West being subject to the gout, it attacked his right hand while he was painting his great picture of Death on the pale Horse; but this did not check his ardour; for he proceeded with his left hand, and the whole was finished by himself without any assistance.

Some conversation having occurred on the indelicacies of the attitudes in the waltz, a lady remarked that they formed a part of the liberties of the press.

Professor Porson having been asked his opinion of Southey's “Madoc,” replied, “It is a poem which will be read when Pope, and Swift, and Addison, and the best poets of England, shall be forgotten,—but not before.”

Pope says,

“Unthought-of follies cheat us in the wise.”

Who would have thought that Locke loved romances, that Newton once studied astrology, and that Dr. S. Clarke prided himself in agility, and leaped over his tables and chairs!

The greatest mass of silver is said by Albinus, in his Chronicle of the Mines of Misnia, to have been found at Schneeberg in 1478; it weighed by computation about 400 quintals. Albert de Saxe who went down into the mine, dined upon an enormous block, observing to the company there, that “the Emperor Frederick is a powerful Monarch, but he does not keep so rich a table as I do.”

## Natural History.

### ELECTRIC EEL.\*

An electric eel (*Gymnotus Electricus*) was lately brought to Paris from America, and, in trying upon it the experiments of M. Humboldt, a very singular occurrence took place. Several naturalists had already subjected themselves to electric shocks, more or less violent, by touching the fish, which is of the size of a large eel, when Dr. Janin de Saint Jusk seized it with both his hands, and was rewarded with a succession of shocks more severe than Volta's pile would have given. Indeed, he was exposed to real danger, in consequence of finding it impossible to loose his hold of the animal, notwithstanding its every motion agitated his whole frame to an excessive degree. An involuntary contraction forced him to grasp it with supernatural strength, and the more he grasped, the more dreadful did the electrical shocks become. They extorted from him the most agonizing cries, which alarmed all present, including Messrs. Alibert, Geoffroy, St. Hilaire, Serre, and Larrey, who were even afraid for his life, as it is probable, had he continued long in the situation, that death must have ensued. No one knew how to assist him. “Let go, let go!” they cried, but he had not the power to follow their advice. Happily it occurred to him to replunge the eel into its tub, and scarcely were his hands wetted, when the contact of the water (acting as a conductor) enabled him to let his enemy slip.

Captain Steadman in his “Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition against the revolted Negroes of Surinam,” relates, that on waking about four o'clock one morning in his hammock, he was extremely alarmed at finding himself weltering in congealed blood, and without feeling any pain whatever. “The mystery was,” continues Captain S.

\* Our readers may remember that, according to Mr. Todd's experiments, (in 1817) the intensity of the shocks given by the torpedo bore no relation to the size of the fish, but an evident relation to its *liveliness* and to the *degree of irritation caused by preserving, pricking, or squeezing the animal*. This Dr. Janin has sensibly demonstrated. The eel discharges the electric fluid in self defence; and it is probable the Paris specimen will not long survive the copious emission.—Ed.

"that I had been bitten by the *Vampire* or *Spectre* of Guiana, which is also called the *Flying Dog* of New Spain, and by the Spaniards, *Perrovolador*. This is no other than a bat of monstrous size, that sucks the blood from men and cattle while they are fast asleep, even sometimes till they die; and as the manner in which they proceed is truly wonderful, I shall endeavour to give a distinct account of it. Knowing, by instinct, that the person they intend to attack is in a sound slumber, they generally alight near the feet, where, while the creature continues fanning with his enormous wings, which keeps one cool, he bites a piece out of the tip of the great toe, so very small indeed, that the head of a pin could scarcely be received into the wound, which is consequently not painful; yet through this orifice he continues to suck the blood, until he is obliged to disgorge. He then begins again, and thus continues sucking and disgorging until he is scarcely able to fly; and the sufferer has often been known to sleep from time to eternity. Cattle they generally bite in the ear, but always in places where the blood flows spontaneously. Having applied tobacco ashes as the best remedy, and washed the gore from myself and hammock, I observed several small heaps of congealed blood all round the place where I had lain upon the ground; on examining which, the surgeon judged that I had lost at least twelve or fourteen ounces during the night."

#### ACCOMPLISHED SHOPLIFTER.

A young gentleman lately residing in Edinburgh, was the master of a handsome spaniel bitch, which he had bought from a dealer in dogs. The animal had been educated to steal for the benefit of its protector; but it was some time ere his new master became aware of this irregularity of morals, and he was not a little astonished and teased by its constantly bringing home articles of which it had feloniously obtained possession. Perceiving, at length, that the animal proceeded systematically, in this sort of behaviour, he used to amuse his friends, by causing the spaniel to give proofs of her sagacity in the Spartan art of privately stealing, putting the shopkeepers where he meant she should exercise her faculty on their guard as to the issue.

The process was curious, and excites some surprise at the pains which must have

been bestowed to qualify the animal for these practices. As soon as the master entered the shop, the dog seemed to avoid all appearance of recognizing or acknowledging any connection with him, but lounged about in an indolent, disengaged, and independent sort of manner. In the course of looking over some wares, his master indicated by a touch on the parcel and a look towards the spaniel, that which he desired she should appropriate, and then left the shop. The dog, whose watchful eye caught the hint in an instant, instead of following his master out of the shop, continued to sit at the door, or lie by the fire, watching the counter, until she observed the attention of the people of the shop withdrawn from the prize which she wished to secure. Whenever she saw an opportunity of doing so, as she imagined unobserved, she never failed to jump upon the counter with her fore feet, possess herself of the gloves, or whatever else had been pointed out to her, and escape from the shop to join her master.

#### SUPERNATURAL WARNING.

The age of superstition is past, and there are few, except in the lower rank of society, who will now give credit to improbable tales, however well they may be persuaded of the respectability of their source, unless they have the means of being acquainted with their truth and authenticity. Superstition, however has still her votaries; and in spite of the enlightened and civilized state of society, at the present time, there are few who will not feel some interest at the recital of a story, in which any thing connected with supernatural agency is introduced, and more particularly so when that story is in the most remote manner founded on fact. The tale I am about to narrate deviates but very slightly from one which has been well authenticated, and at the time when it was fresh upon our memory, was almost universally believed.

A young gentleman by the name of C——, was, some years ago residing with a clergyman in the North of England, for the purpose of completing his education. He was heir to a large fortune, particularly amiable, of a lively disposition, gay in his manners, and entirely free from any taint of superstitious belief. He was strong and healthy, and very unlikely, in any manner to give credit to the workings of his imagination, or to believe in dreams. I mention this because there are some people whose weak state of



health, or whose melancholy disposition might make them more liable to be exposed to the impression produced by any sudden alarm, or any unusual agitation. One morning, however, at breakfast, his haggard and pale looks, and thoughtful manner, attracted the attention of his friends, who were accustomed to see him animated and healthy; and upon their pressing him to account for this sudden alteration, he confessed that he had, during the night, had a dream, which had made so strong an impression upon him, that he could not drive it from his thoughts. He said that he had seen a young woman enter his room softly, with a light in one hand, and a knife in the other; that she made several attempts to stab him, but upon his resistance she had disappeared. He then described her person and dress, both of which, he said, were so deeply impressed upon his memory, that they never could be effaced.

His friends treated the matter lightly, and endeavoured to ridicule him for giving so much credit to a dream; and Mr. C—— himself, as if ashamed of his weakness, tried to banish it from his thoughts. Several months passed away, and he resumed his usual gaiety of manner; every thing appeared forgotten; and when his dream intruded itself upon his recollection, he laughed at himself for having ever thought of such a trifle.

Years had elapsed, and Mr. G—— having come into the possession of a large property, proposed to an intimate friend to visit the Continent. They left England together; and after having travelled through most of the countries in Europe, were returning home in the autumn of——. A long and tedious day's journey brought them very late one evening to a retired village on the borders of Hungary; there was but one inn in the place, and that, from its appearance did not promise them very comfortable accommodation. However, they had no choice; it was too late to proceed, and they alighted. There was nothing remarkable in their reception; they were proceeding to the apartment which was allotted to them, when Mr. C——

suddenly stopped short, and uttered a scream of horror; his friend ran to his assistance, surprised at an emotion for which he could not account, but Mr. C——, having closed the door, immediately related the circumstances of the dream which had made so much impression upon him some years before, adding, at the same time, that the female servant who had lighted them up stairs, was the same person, both in face, appearance, and dress, who had appeared to him in his vision. The sudden and unexpected recollection of a circumstance which had been so long forgotten, could not fail to agitate Mr. C—— exceedingly; but as there was nothing suspicious in the manners of the inhabitants of the inn, the friends retired to rest, having first taken care to fasten the door, and place their pistols near them.

Overcome by the fatigue of travelling, they were soon both asleep; but Mr. C—— awaking suddenly, beheld, to his extreme horror, the same woman standing over him, with a light in one hand, and a knife in the other, having the blade directed towards his breast, apparently about to strike. In his agony of horror, he uttered a scream, which awoke his friend, who springing from his bed, was just in time to catch her arm. \* \* \* \*

#### FORMATION OF MISTS IN PARTICULAR SITUATIONS.

*By Sir Humphrey Davy, bart.*

All persons who have been accustomed to the observation of Nature, must have frequently witnessed the formation of mists over the beds of rivers and lakes in calm and clear weather after sun-set; and whoever has considered these phenomena in relation to the radiation and communication of heat and nature of vapour, since the publication of the researches of M. M. Rumford, Leslie, Dalton, and Wells, can hardly have failed to discover the true cause of them. As, however, I am not aware that any work has yet been published in which this cause is fully discussed, and it involves rather complicated principles, I shall make no apology for offering a few remarks on the subject to the Royal Society.

As soon as the Sun has disappeared from any part of the globe, the surface begins to lose heat by radiation, and in greater proportion as the sky is clearer; but the land and water are cooled by this operation in a very different manner; the impression of cooling on the land is limited to the surface and very slowly transmitted to the

interior ; whereas ; in water above 40 deg. Fahrenheit, as soon as the upper stratum is cooled, whether by radiation or evaporation, it sinks in the mass of fluid, and its place is supplied by warmer waters from below ; and till the temperature of the whole mass is reduced nearly to 40 deg. F. the surface cannot be the coolest part. It follows, therefore, that wherever water exists in considerable masses, and has a temperature nearly equal to that of the land, or only a few degrees below it, and above 45 deg. F. at sun-set, its surface during the night, in calm and clear weather, will be warmer than that of the contiguous land ; and the air above the land will necessarily be cooler than that above the water ; and when they both contain their due proportion of aqueous vapour, and the situation of the ground is such as to permit the cold air from the land to mix with the warmer air above the water, mist or fog will be the result ; which will be so much greater in quantity, as the land surrounding or inclosing the water is higher, the water deeper, and the temperature of the water, which will coincide with the quantity or strength of vapour in the air above it, greater.

#### REMARKABLE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

Mr. TRENCALYE, vicar-general of Digne, has sent the following narrative to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris. He remarks that the lightning struck the church, while the bells were ringing.

The village of Chateaufeu is situated in the commune of Digne, in the department of the Lower Alps, south-east of the little town of Moustiers, which is known for a very excellent manufactory of earthenware. The village stands on the extreme point of one of the first Alps, which rise amphitheatrically above Moustiers. It contains beside the church and parsonage, fourteen houses, on an eminence which is cut off by the angles of two other mountains, one to the east, and the other to the west. The interval which divides the village from the mountain to the east, is so narrow and deep, that the sight of it inspires terror : 105 scattered huts, chiefly on the east side of the mountain, contains a population of 500 souls. Sunday, July 11, 1819, M. Salome, clergyman of Moustiers and episcopal commissioner, came to Chateaufeu to induct a new rector. About half an hour past ten, the procession went from the parsonage to the church. The weather was fine, only there were some heavy clouds in the sky. The new rector had begun the celebration of mass. A young man, eighteen years of age, was singing the epistle, when three claps of thunder were heard, instantaneously succeeding each other. The mass-book was torn out of his hands, and rent to pieces ; he felt the flame on his body, which soon caught him by the neck. At first, he cried aloud ; but, he now closed his mouth by an involuntary motion, was thrown down, and rolled towards the people assembled in the church, who also sunk

upon the ground, and were cast out of the door of the church—(Toutes les personnes rassemblées dans l'église avoient été terrassées et jetées ainsi hors la porte.) As soon as he came to himself, he returned into the church, where he found the clergyman of Moustiers quite senseless. He immediately called to his assistance some persons who were only slightly wounded : they lifted up the clergyman, extinguished his upper garments, which were burning, and by means of vinegar, restored him to his senses in two hours. He vomited a considerable quantity of blood. He affirmed, that he had not heard the thunder, and indeed knew nothing of what had passed. He was carried to the parsonage house. The electric fluid had struck the upper part of the gold trimming of his stole, whence it descended, tore off one of his shoes, which it threw to the other end of the church, and broke the metal buckle. The chair on which he sat was also broken to pieces.

On the second day after the event, the clergyman was conveyed to his own house at Moustiers, where it was two months before his wounds were perfectly healed. He had a wound, some fingers broad, on the right shoulder, another extended from the middle of the back part of the right upper arm to the middle of the exterior side of the lower arm ; and a third deep wound went from the middle of the back part of the left upper arm, to the middle of the back part of the lower arm, on the same side ; a fourth, less considerable and shallower, was on the outer side of the lower part of the left shoulder ; and a fifth on the upper lip, near the nose. He was tormented for nearly two months, by a total deprivation of sleep ; he felt his arms lamed, and since that time always suffers by the changes of the weather.

A little child was torn from its mother's arms, and thrown to the distance of six paces : it recovered in the open air. The legs of every individual felt lamed : the terrified woman presented a dismal spectacle. The church was filled with a thick black smoke, so that objects could only be distinguished by the glare of the flames, proceeding from the clothes which the lightning had set on fire.

Eight persons were killed upon the spot. A young woman, of nineteen years of age, was carried home in a state of insensibility, and died the following morning, in dreadful agonies, as her loud lamentations evinced. The number of the killed was therefore nine, and that of the wounded, 82.

The priest who read mass was not touched by the lightning, probably because he wore a silk dress.

All the dogs that were in the church were found dead, in the positions in which they were at the moment. A woman who was in a hut, on the Barbin mountain, to the west, saw three masses of fire descend in rapid succession, which seemed as if they would destroy the whole village. It is probable the lightning first struck the cross on the steeple.